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# P O E M S.

B Y



## WILLIAM MASON, M. A.



# P O E M S.

BY

WILLIAM MASON, M. A.  
K

CONTAINING,

ODES, ELEGIES, DRAMATIC  
PIECES, &c.

To this Dublin EDITION are added,

I. ISIS: An ELEGY.

II. An ODE performed at the Senate-House  
at Cambridge, at the Installation of his  
Grace the Duke of NEWCASTLE,  
Chancellor of the University.

By the same A U T H O R.

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D U B L I N:

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M,DCC,LXIV.





TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
ROBERT  
EARL OF HOLDERNESS,  
BARON D'ARCY, MENIL AND CONYERS,  
LORD LIEUTENANT  
AND  
CUSTOS ROTULORUM  
OF THE NORTH RIDING  
OF THE COUNTY OF YORK,  
AND  
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S  
MOST HONOURABLE  
PRIVY COUNCIL.

## SONNET.

D'ARCY, to thee, whate'er of happier vein,  
Smit with the love of Song my youth essay'd,  
This verse devotes from ASTON's secret shade,  
Where letter'd Ease, thy gift, endears the scene:  
Here, as the light-wing'd moments glide serene,  
I weave the bower, around the tufted mead  
In careless flow the simple pathway lead,  
And strew with many a rose the shaven green.  
So, to deceive my solitary days,  
With rural toils ingenuous arts I blend,  
Secure from envy, negligent of praise,  
Yet not unknown to fame, if D'ARCY lend  
His wonted smile to dignify my lays,  
The Muses Patron, but the Poet's Friend.

May 12, 1763.

W. MASON.



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M U S SÆ U S:

A

M O N O D Y

TO THE

MEMORY of Mr. POPE.

IN

Imitation of MILTON's *Lycidas*.

B

Σ Ο Σ Σ Ο Μ

Πάσι μὲν τοῖς ἀρχετύποις αὐτοφύή τις ἐπιπέπτει  
χάρις, καὶ ὡρα. Τοῖς δὲ απὸ τύτων κατεσκευασ-  
μένοις, κανὸν ἐπ' ἄκρον μιμήσεως ἐλθωσι, πρόσεστι  
τοῦ ὅμως τὸ ἐπιτέλευμάν τον, καὶ ἐκ φύσεως ὑπάρ-  
χον.

Dionys. Ηλύσιαν, in Diatricho.

# \*M U S Æ U S.

A

## M O N O D Y.

**S**orrowing I catch the reed, and call the muse ;  
If yet a muse on Britain's plain abide,  
Since rapt Musæus tun'd his parting strain :  
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.  
For who e'er since their virgin charms esp'y'd,  
Or on the banks of Thames, or met their train,  
Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray ?  
Or have they deign'd to play,  
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,  
Feeding each blue bell pale, and daisie pied,  
That fling their fragrance round his rushy side ?

Yet ah ! ye are not dead, Cœlestial Maids ;  
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die :  
Nor is it meet ye fly these pensive glades,  
Ere round his laureate herse ye heave the sigh.  
Stay then awhile, O stay, ye fleeting fair ;  
Revisit yet, nor ballow'd Hippocrene,  
Nor Thespia's grove ; till with harmonious teen  
Ye sooth his shade, and slowly-dirtied air.

B 2

Such

### N O T E.

\* Mr. Pope died in the year 1744 ; this poem was then written, and published first in the year 1747.

Such tribute pour'd, again ye may repair  
 To what lov'd haunt ye whilom did elect ;  
 Whether Lyæus, or that mountain fair  
 Trim Mænalus with piny verdure deckt.  
 But now it boots ye not in these to stray,  
 Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,  
 Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.  
 Forego each vain excuse,  
 And haste to Thames's shores ; for Thames shall join  
 Our sad Society, and passing mourn,  
 The tears fast-trickling o'er his silver urn.  
 And, when the Poet's widow'd grot be laves,  
 His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,  
 His tide no more in eddies blith shall rove,  
 But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs flow.  
 For oft the mighty Master rous'd his waves  
 With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love :  
 He must not now in brisk mæanders flow  
 Gamesome, and kiss, the sadly-silent shore,  
 Without the loan of some poetic woe.

Say first, Sicilian Muse,  
 For, with thy sisters, thou didst weeping stand  
 In silent circle at the solemn scene,  
 When Death approach'd, and wav'd his ebon wand,  
 Say how each laurel droopt its with'ring green ?  
 How, in yon grot, each silver trickling spring  
 Wander'd the shelly channels all among ;  
 While as the coral roof did softly ring  
 Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song.  
 Meanwhile all pale th' expiring Poet laid,  
 And sunk his awful head,  
 While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong ;  
 For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,  
 They pour'd the balm of visionary peace.

First,

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,  
 Came \* *TITYRUS* slow, with head all silver'd o'er,  
 And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,  
 And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.

“ Grete clerk of Fame’ is house, whose excellence  
 “ Maie wele besitt thilk place of eminence,  
 “ Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,  
 “ For mich good wirkē to me don and past.  
 “ For syn the days whereas my lyre been strongen,  
 “ And deftly many a mery laie I songen,  
 “ Old Time, which alle things don maliciously  
 “ Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,  
 “ Gnattrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,  
 “ Till at the last thou smoothen ’hem hast again ;  
 “ Sithence full semely gliden my rymes rude,  
 “ As, (if fitteth thilk similitude)  
 “ Whanē shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,  
 “ Ovir rough stones it makith full rough song ;  
 “ But, them stones removen, this lite rivere  
 “ Stealth forth by, making plesaunt murmere ;  
 “ So my sely rymes, whoso may them note,  
 “ Thou makist everichone to ren right sote ;  
 “ And in thy verse entunit so fetisely,  
 “ That men sayen I make trewe melody,  
 “ And speaken every dele to myne honoure.  
 “ Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre !”

B 3

He

## N O T E.

*Came \* Tityrus &c.] i. e. CHAUCER, a name frequently given him by Spenser. See *Shep. Cal.* Ecl. 2, 6, 12, and elsewhere.*

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.  
 When \* **COLIN CLOUT**, Eliza's shepherd swain,  
 The blithest lad that ever pip'd on plain,  
 Came with his reed soft-warbling on the way,  
 And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,  
 And thus his gliding numbers gan essay.

## I.

" † Ah ! luckless swain, alas ! how art thou lorn,  
 " Who once like me couldst frame thy pipe to  
 " play  
 " Shepherds devise, and chear the ling'ring morn :  
 " Ne bush, ne breese, but learnt thy roundelay.  
 " Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right !  
 " Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight !

## II.

" But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare  
 " My Hobbin's or my Thenot's rustic skill  
 " To thy deft swains, whose dapper ditties rare  
 " Surpass ought else of quaintest shepherd's quill.  
 " Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,  
 " Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

" Eke

## N O T E.

\* *Colin Clout.*] *i. e.* SPENSER, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

† The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to *Pastoral*, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*; the rest, where he speaks of *Fable*, are in the stanza of the *Faery Queen*.

## [ 7 ]

## III.

" Eke when in Fable's flow'ry paths you stray'd,  
 " Walking in cunning feints truth's splendid face;  
 " Ne Sylph, ne Sylpid, but due tendance paid,  
 " To shield Belinda's lock from felon base,  
 " But all mote nought avail such harm to chace.  
 " Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mien,  
 " Eke Florimel, and all my faery race:  
 " Belinda far surpass my beauties sheen,  
 " Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay I ween.

## IV.

" Like as in village troop of birdlings trim,  
 " Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,  
 " And quaking Ducks, that wont in lake to swim,  
 " And Turkeys proud, and Pigeons nothing bold;  
 " If chance the Peacock doth his plumes unfold,  
 " Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,  
 " He glist'neth purple, and he glist'neth gold,  
 " Now with bright green, now blue himself ar-  
 " raying.  
 " Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties sway-  
 " ing.

## V.

" But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,  
 " And fancies light in simple guise pourtray?  
 " Listing to chear thee at this rueful time,  
 " While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings  
 " prey.  
 " Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay

" Thou nathless judgeſt all too ſlight and vain,  
 " Let my well meaning mend my ill essay:  
 " So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,  
 " When ſoon we meet for aye, in yon ſtarſprinkled  
 " plain."

Last came a bard of more majestic tread,  
 And \* *Thyrsis* hight by Dryad, Faun, or Swain,  
 Whene'er he mingled with the ſhepherd train;  
 But ſeldom that; for higher thoughts he fed,  
 For him full oft the heav'nly Muses led  
 To clear Euphrates, and the ſecret mount,  
 To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes,  
 All which the ſacred bard would oft recount:  
 And thus in strain, unus'd in ſylvan shade,  
 To ſad *Museus* rightſul homage paid.

" Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught Warbler! last  
 " and best  
 " Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd  
 " All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield  
 " Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, ſublime.  
 " Accept this gratulation: may it chear  
 " Thy ſinking ſoul; nor theſe corporeal ill's  
 " Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high  
 " heav'n  
 " Fame blooms eternal o'er that ſpirit divine,  
 " Who builds immortal verſe. There thy bold  
 " *Muse*,  
 Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian fire,  
 " Shall

#### N O T E.

\* *Thyrsis hight.*] i. e. *MILTON*. *Lycidas* and the *Epitaphium Damonis* are the only *Pastorals* we have of *Milton's*; in the latter of which, where he laments *Car. Deodatus* under the name of *Damon*, he calls himſelf *Thyrsis*.

" Shall soar seraphic heights ; while to her voice  
 " Ten thousand Hierarchies of Angels harp  
 " Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies  
 " Usher the song rejoicing. I mean while,  
 " To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,  
 " Approach thy visitant, with mortal praise  
 " To praise thee mortal. First, for Rhyme subdued ;  
 " Rhyme, erst the minstrel of primæval Night,  
 " And Chaos, Anarch-old : She near their throne  
 " Oft taught the ratling elements to chime  
 " With tenfold din ; till late to earth upborn (aM)  
 " On strident plume, what time fair Poesie  
 " Emerg'd from Gothic cloud, and faintly shot  
 " Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend  
 " Opprest ; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,  
 " Runic, or Leonine ; and with dire chains  
 " Fetter'd her scarce-fledg'd pinion. I such bonds  
 " Aim'd to destroy, hopeless that Art could ease  
 " Their thraldom, and to liberal use convert.  
 " This wonder to achieve MUSÆUS came ;  
 " Thou cam'st, and at thy magic touch the chains  
 " Off dropt, and (passing strange !) soft-wreathed  
     " bands  
 " Of flow'rs their place supply'd : which well the  
     " Muse  
 " Might wear for choice, not force ; obstruction  
     " none,  
 " But lov'liest ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here  
 " The wonder rests not ; various argument  
 " Remains for me, uncertain, where to cull  
 " The leading grace, where countless graces charm.  
 " Various this peaceful cave ; this mineral roof ;  
 " This semblage meet of coral, ore, and shell ;  
 " These pointed crystals thro' the shadowy clefts  
     B 5  
     " Bright

" Bright glist'ring ; all these slowly dripping rills,  
 " That tinkling wander o'er the pebbled floor :  
 " Yet not this various peaceful cave, with this  
 " Its mineral roof ; nor this assemblage meet  
 " Of coral, ore, and shell ; nor mid the shade  
 " These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair ; nor rills,  
 " That wander tinkling o'er the pebbled floor ;  
 " Deal charms more various to each raptur'd sense,  
 " Than thy mellifluous lay ———"

" Cease, friendly swain ;  
 (MUSÆUS cry'd, and rais'd his aching head)  
 " ALL PRAISE IS FOREIGN, BUT OF TRUE DESERT ;  
 " PLAYS ROUND THE HEAD, BUT COMES NOT TO  
 " THE HEART.

" Ah ! why recall the toys of thoughtless youth ?  
 " When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth ?  
 " Ere sound to sense resign'd the silken rein,  
 " And the light lay ran musically vain.  
 " O ! in that lay had richest fancy flow'd ;  
 " The syrens warbled, and the graces glow'd  
 " Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd ;  
 " That lent each charm, and this each charm refin'd,  
 " Alas ! how little were my proudest boast !  
 " The sweetest trifler of my tribe at most.

" To sway the judgment while he sooths the ear ;  
 " To curb mad passion in its wild career ;  
 " To wake by sober touch the useful lyre,  
 " And rule with reason's rigour, fancy's fire :  
 " Be this the poet's praise. And this possess,  
 " Take, Duhness and thy dances ! take the rest.  
 " Come then that honest fame, whose temperate  
 " ray  
 " Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay ;  
 " Which

" Which dawns, tho' thou, rough DONNE ! hew out  
 " the line ;  
 " But beams, sage HORACE ! from each strain of  
 " thine.  
 " O if like these, with conscious Freedom bold,  
 " One Poet more his manly measures roll'd  
 " Like these led forth th' indignant Muse to brave  
 " The venal statesman, and the titled slave ;  
 " To strip from frontless Vice her stars and strings,  
 " Nor spare her basking in the smile of Kings :  
 " If grave, yet lively ; rational, yet warm ;  
 " Clear to convince and eloquent to charm :  
 " He pour'd, for Virtue's cause seréne along  
 " The purest precept, in the sweetest song :  
 " If, for her cause, his heav'n-directed plan  
 " Mark'd each meander in the maze of man ;  
 " Unmov'd by sophistry, unaw'd by name,  
 " No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame ;  
 " Led by no system's devious glare astray,  
 " That meteor-like, but glitters to betray.  
 " Yes, if his soul to reason's rule resign'd,  
 " And heav'n's own views fair-op'ning on his mind,  
 " Caught from bright nature's flame the living ray,  
 " Thro' passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day ;  
 " And taught Mankind in reas'ning Pride's despite,  
 " That God is wise, and ALL THAT IS IS RIGHT :  
 " If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays ;  
 " Praise less than this is mockery of praise."

" To pour that praise be mine," fair VIRTUE cry'd,  
 And shot, all radiant, thro' an op'ning cloud.  
 But ah ! my Muse, how will thy voice express  
 Th' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd ?  
 Ill suits immortal strain a doric dress :  
 And far too high already hast thou soar'd.

Enough

Enough for thee, that when the lay was o'er,  
 The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.  
 But what might that avail? Blind Fare before  
 Had op'd her shears, to cut his vital thread;  
 And who may dare gainsay her stern behest?  
 Now thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head,  
 And sigh'd his soul to rest.

Now wept the Nymphs; witness ye waving shades!  
 Witness, ye winding streams! the Nymphs did weep:  
 The heav'ly Goddess too with tears did steep  
 Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades;  
 And, "cruel gods," and, "cruel stars," she cry'd:  
 Nor did the shepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,  
 On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,  
 Or silent river, drive their thirsty flocks;  
 Nor did the wild-goat brouze the shrubby rocks;  
 And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook;  
 And roses wan were wav'd by zephyr's weak,  
 As Nature's self was sick:  
 And every lily droop'd its silver head;  
 Sad sympathy! yet sure his rightful meed,  
 Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn:  
 Thro' all her choicest sweets Musæus dead.

## IMITATION.

*Then wept the Nymphs, &c.]*  
 Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnæ  
 Flebant: vos coryli testes & flumina Nymphis,  
 Cum, complexa fui corpus miserabile nati,  
 Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia Mater.  
 Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus,  
 Frigida, Daphnæ, boves ad flumina; nulla neque amnem  
 Libavit quadrigæ, nec graminis attigit herbam.

VIRE. ECL. 5.

Here end we, Goddess! this your shepherd sang,  
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.

O! make it worthy of the sacred Bard;  
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.  
Thou to accept the strain with meet regard:  
For sure, blest Shade, thou hear'st my doleful song;  
Whether with angel troops, the stars among,  
From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays;  
Or, for fair Virtue's cause, now doubly dear,  
Thou still art hov'ring o'er our tuneless sphere;  
And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.

Thus the fond swain his doric oat essay'd,  
Manhood's prime honours rising on his cheek:  
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid  
With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak,  
Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.  
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak:  
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their strain:  
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd swain.

### I M I T A T I O N.

*Here end we, Goddess! &c.]*

Hæc sat erit Divæ vestrum cecinisse Poetam,  
Dum sedet, et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco,  
Pierides vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo:

Gallo cuius amor, &c.

VIRG. EC. 10.

### O D E S

# 卷之三

O D E S.

2 3 4 5

## O D E I.

## To M E M O R Y.

\* MOTHER OF WISDOM! thou, whose sway

The throng'd ideal host obey;

Who bid'it their ranks, now vanish, now appear,

Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;

Accept this votive verse. Thy reign

Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.

All, all is thiné. For thee the ear, and eye

Roye thro' the realms of Grace, and Harmony:

The Senses thee spontaneous serve,

That wake, and thrill thro' ev'ry nerve.

Else vainly soft, lov'd Philomel! would flow

The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:

Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade

With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;

Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy plume,

The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.

But swift to thee, alive, and warm,

Devolves each tributary charm:

See modest Nature bring her simple stores,

Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;

While

## N O T E.

\* According to a fragment of Afranius, who makes Experience and Memory the parents of Wisdom.

USSUS me genuit, Mater peperit MEMORIA,

ΣΟΦΙΑΝ vocant me Graii, vos SAPIENTIAM.

The passage is preserved by Aulus Gellius, lib. xiii. cap. 8.

While every flower in Fancy's clime,  
 Each gem of old heroic Time,  
 Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,  
 Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

## H.

Hail, MEM'RY ! hail. Behold, I lead  
 To that high shrine the sacred Maid :  
 Thy daughter ~~she~~ the Empress of the lyre,  
 The first, the fairest, of Aonia's quire.  
 She comes, and lo, thy realms expand !  
 She takes her delegated stand  
 Full in the midst, and o'er thy num'rous train  
 Displays the awful wonders of her reign.  
 There thron'd supreme in native state,  
 If Sirius flame with fainting heat,  
 She calls ; ideal groves their shade extend,  
 The cool gale breathes, the silent show'rs descend.  
 Or, if bleak Winter, frowning round,  
 Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,  
 She, mild Magician, waves her potent wand,  
 And ready Summers wake at her command.  
 See, visionary Suns arise,  
 Thro' silver clouds, and azure skies ;  
 See, sportive Zephyrs fan the crisped streams ;  
 Thro' shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling  
 beams :  
 While, near the secret moss-grown cave,  
 That stands beside the chrystral wave,  
 Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,  
 Mimics the feather'd Chorus o'er her head.

## III.

Rise, hallow'd MILTON ! rise, and say,  
 How, at thy gloomy close of day ;  
 How,

How, " when deprest by Age, beset with wrongs ;"  
 When " fall'n on evil days and evil tongues ;"  
 When Darkness, brooding on thy sight,  
 Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light ;  
 Say, what could then one clearing hope diffuse ?  
 What friends were thine, save Mem'ry and the Muse ?  
 Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth  
 Caught from the stores of antient Truth :  
 Hence all thy classic wandlings could explore,  
 When Rapture led thee to the Latian shore ;  
 Each Scene, that Tiber's bank supply'd ;  
 Each Grace, that play'd on Arno's side ;  
 The tepid Gales, thro' Tuscan glades that fly ;  
 The blue Serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky ;  
 Were still thine own : thy ample Mind  
 Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.  
 And thence " the nightly Visitant," that came  
 To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,  
 Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,  
 That whilom shot from Nature's face,  
 When G O D, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast  
 Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous  
 vest.

O D E

## O D E II.

\* *To a WATER NYMPH.*

YE green hair'd Nymphs, whom Pan's de-  
crees  
Have giv'n to guard this solemn + wood,  
To speed the shooting scions into trees,  
And call the roseate blossom from the bud,  
Attend. But chief, thou Naiad, wont to lead  
This fluid chrystral sparkling as it flows,  
Whither, ah, whither art thou fled ?  
What shade is conscious to thy woes ?  
Ah, 'tis yon' Poplar's awful gloom :  
Poetic eyes can pierce the scene ;  
Can see thy drooping head, thy withering bloom ;  
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mien.  
Well may'st thou wear misfortune's fainting air ;  
Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow ;  
Devolve that length of careless hair ;  
And give thine azure veil to flow  
Loose to the wind : for, oh, thy pain  
The pitying Muse can well relate :  
That pitying Muse shall breathe her tend'rest strain,  
To teach the echoes thy disastrous fate.

'Twas,

## N O T E S.

\* This Ode was written in the year 1747, and published in the first Volume of Mr. Dodsley's Miscellany. It is here revis'd throughout, and concluded according to the Author's original idea.

+ A seat near \*\* finely situated, with a great command of water ; but disposed in a very false taste.

'Twas, where yon Beech's crowding branches clos'd,  
 What time the Dog-star's flames intensely burn,  
 In gentle ~~in~~ silence compes'd,  
 Reclin'd upon thy trickling urn,  
 Slumb'ring thou lay'st, all free from fears;  
 No friendly dream foretold thine harm;  
 When sudden, see, the tyrant Art appears,  
 To snatch the liquid treasures from thine arm.  
 Art, gothic Art, has seiz'd the darling vase:  
 That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,  
 For some soft story told with grace,  
 Among th' associates of the wave;  
 When, in sequester'd coral vales,  
 While worlds of waters roll'd above,  
 The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales  
 Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.  
 Ah! loss too justly mourn'd: for now the Fiend  
 Has on yon shell-wrought terras pois'd it high;  
 And thence he bids its streams descend,  
 With torturing regularity.  
 From step to step, with sullen sound,  
 The forc'd cascades indignant leap;  
 Now sinking fill the bason's measur'd round;  
 There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.  
 Where now the vocal pebbles gurgling song?  
 The rill slow-dripping from his rocky spring?  
 What free meander winds along,  
 Or curls when Zephyr waves his wing?  
 Alas, these glories are no more:  
 Fortune, O give me to redeem  
 The ravish'd vase; O give me to restore  
 Its ancient honours to this hapless stream.

Then,

Then, Nymph, again, with all their wanted ease,  
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,

Shall wildly warble, as they please,  
Their soft, loquacious harmony.

Where Thou and Nature bid them rove,  
There will I gently aid their way :

Whether to darken in the shadowy grove,  
Or, in the mead, reflect the dancing ray.  
For thee too, Goddess, o'er that hallow'd spot,  
Were first thy fount of chrystral bubbles bright,

These hands shall arch a rustic grot,  
Impervious to the garish light.

I'll not demand of Ocean's pride  
To bring his coral spoils from far :

Nor will I delve yon yawning mountain's side,  
For latent minerals rough, or polish'd spar ;  
But antique roots, with ivy dark o'ergrown,  
Steep'd in the bosom of thy chilly lake,

Thy touch shall turn to living stone ;  
And these the simple roof shall deck.

Yet grant one melancholy boon :  
Grant that, at evening's sober hour,

Led by the lustre of the rising moon,  
My step may frequent tread thy pebbled floor.  
There, if perchance I wake the love lorn theme,  
In melting accents querulously flow, —

Kind Naiad, let thy pitying stream  
With wailing notes accordant flow :

So shalt thou sooth his heaving heart,  
That mourns a faithful Virgin lost ;

So shall thy murmurs, and my sighs impart  
Some share of pensive pleasure to her ghost.

against paddings with oaks gave such arms  
which at the last day are annihilated  
against the gods of death and hell,  
but when need is avowed, then is it  
that every dove does then ride on high.

## O D E III.

To an \* *ÆOLUS's HARP.*

Sent to Miss SHEPHEARD.

YES, magic Lyre! now all complete  
Thy slender frame responsive rings;  
While kindred notes, with undulation sweet,  
Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings,  
Go then to her, whose soft request  
Bad my blest hands thy form prepare:  
Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast  
With many a warble wild, and artless air.  
For know, full oft, while o'er the mead  
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,  
The slumb'ring Fair shall place thee near her head,  
To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.  
Then shall the Sylphs, and Sylphides bright,  
Mild Genii all, to whose high care  
Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight  
Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.

Some,

## NOTES.

\* This instrument was first invented by Kircher about the year 1649. See his *Musurgia Universalis* five *ars consoni & dissoni*, lib. ix. After having been neglected above a hundred years it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. Oswald.

Some, flutt'ring thro' thy trembling strings,  
 Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,  
 And lightly brush thee with their purpled wings  
 To aid the Zephyrs in their tuneful toil ;  
 While others check each ruder gale,  
 Expel rough Boreas from the sky,  
 Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,  
 Save such as softly pant, and panting die.  
 Then, as thy swelling accents rise,  
 Fair Fancy, waking at the sound,  
 Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,  
 And waft her spirits to enchanted ground ;  
 To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,  
 In which some fav'rite Youth shall rove,  
 And meet, and lead her thro' the glittering scenes,  
 And all be Music, Extacy, and Love.

## Z E T O N

O D E

## O D E IV.

## To INDEPENDENCY.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,  
While Silence rules this midnight hour,  
I woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind  
Descend, propitious Power!

And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside;  
Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;  
As yon chaste Orb along this ample tide  
Draws the long lustre of her silver line;  
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,  
And lulls old HUMER to his deep repose.

Come to thy Votry's ardent prayer,  
In all thy graceful plainness dressed;  
No knot confines thy waving hair,  
No zone thy floating vest;

Unfullied Honour decks thine open brow,  
And Candour brightens in thy modest eye;  
Thy blush is warm Content's etherial glow;  
Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty.  
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,  
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

## III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,  
 \* Thy fav'rite Swain oft stole along,  
 And artless wove his Dorian lay,  
 Far from the busy throng.  
 Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,  
 And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move :  
 Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring,  
 With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love ;  
 To loftier flights his daring Genius rose,  
 And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

## IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,  
 The shafts of Wit he darts around ;  
 Ev'n  $\dagger$  mitred Dulness learns to feel,  
 And shrinks beneath the wound.  
 In awful poverty his honest Muse  
 Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land :  
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,  
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand ;  
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,  
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

## V.

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,  
 The Muses' vestal fires I bring ;  
 Here, at thy feet, the sparks I spread ;  
 Propitious wave thy wing.

## N O T E.

\* Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.

$\dagger$  See *The Rehearsal transposed*, and an account of the effect of that satire in the *Biographia Britannica*, *art Marvell*.

And fan them to that dazzling blaze of Song,  
 Which glares tremendous on the Sons of Pride.  
 But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue?  
 In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;  
 Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,  
 As swells the Lark's meridian ecstacy.

## VI.

“ Fond Youth! to MARVELL's patriot fame,  
 “ Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.  
 “ Yet nourish still the lambent flame;  
 “ Still strike thy blameless Lyre:  
 “ Led by the moral Muse, securely rove;  
 “ And all the vernal sweets thy vacant Youth  
 “ Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,  
 “ O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:  
 “ To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,  
 “ And meet its fair reward in D'AREY's smile.

## VII.

“ 'Tis he, my Son, alone shall chear  
 “ Thy sickning soul at that sad hour,  
 “ When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier,  
 “ Thy duteous Sorrows shower:  
 “ At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;  
 “ When pining Care leads on her pallid train,  
 “ And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd Vine,  
 “ Winding thy blighted tendrils o'er the plain.  
 “ At that sad hour shall D'AREY lend his aid,  
 “ And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

## VIII.

" This fragrant wreath, the Muses meed,  
 " That bloom'd those vocal shades among,  
 " Where never Flatt'ry dar'd to tread,  
 " Or Interest's servile throng ;  
 " Receive, thou favour'd Son, at my command,  
 " And keep, with sacred care, for D'ARCY's brow :  
 " Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,  
 " I breath'd on every flower a purer glow ;  
 " Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine  
 " To him, who calls thee his, yet makes thee **MINE**. "

## O D E V.

## To a FRIEND.

## I.

**A** H! cease this kind persuasive strain,  
Which, when it flows from Friendship's  
tongue,

However weak, however vain,  
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:  
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,  
And let me muse upon my woe.  
Why lure me from these pale retreats?  
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?  
Can Musick's voice, can Beauty's eye,  
Can Painting's glowing hand supply  
A charm so suited to my mind,  
As blows this hollow gust of wind,  
As drops this little weeping rill  
Soft tinkling down the moss grown hill,

While thro' the west where sinks the crimson Day,  
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners  
grey?

**II.**   
Say, from affliction's various source  
Do none but turbid waters flow?  
And cannot Fancy clear their course?  
For Fancy is the Friend of Woe.

Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,  
 While yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,  
 Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,  
 Inspir'd by anguish and despair?  
 Ah! no; fair Fancy rules the Song:  
 She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;  
 She bids the waving Aspin spray  
 Quiver in cadence to her lay;  
 She bids the fringed Osiers bow,  
 And rustle round the lake below,  
 To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,  
 And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

## III.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow  
 The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;  
 Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know  
 No channel for the tide of tears;  
 To thee yon Abbey dank, and lone,  
 Where ivy chains each mould'ring stone  
 That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,  
 May cast a formidable gloom.  
 Yet some there are, who free from fear,  
 Could wander thro' the cloisters drear,  
 Could rove each desolated Isle,  
 Tho' midnight thunders shook the pile;  
 And dauntless view, or seem to view,  
 (As faintly flash the lightnings blue)  
 Thin shiv'ring Ghosts from yawning charnels throng,  
 And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

But

## IV.

But such terrific charms as these,  
 I ask not yet: My sober mind  
 The fainter forms of sadness please;  
 My sorrows are of softer kind.  
 'Thro' this still valley let me stray,  
 Rapt in some strain of pensive GRAY:  
 Whose lofty Genius bears along  
 The conscious dignity of Song;  
 And, scorning from the sacred store,  
 To waste a note on Pride or Power,  
 Roves thro' the glimmering, twilight gloom,  
 And warbles round each rustic tomb:  
 He, too, perchance, (for well I know,  
 His heart can melt with friendly woe)  
 He, too, perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,  
 Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hovering  
 Shade.

## ODE VI.

\* *On the Fate of TYRANNY.*

O PPRESSION dies; the Tyrant falls;  
 The golden City bows her walls!  
 JEHOVAN breaks th' Avenger's rod,  
 The Son of Wrath, whose ruthless hand  
 Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,  
 Has run his raging race, has clos'd the scene of blood.  
 Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd Lord;  
 Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal  
 sword.

## I. 2.

He falls; and Earth again is free.  
 Hark! at the call of Liberty,

All

## NOTE.

\* This ode is a free paraphrase of Part of the 14th chapter of Isaiah, where the Prophet, after he has foretold the destruction of Babylon, subjoins a Song of Triumph, which, he supposes, the Jews will sing when his prediction is fulfilled.  
 " And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee  
 " rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard  
 " bondage wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shall take  
 " up this proverb against the King of Babylon, and say,  
 " How hath the oppressor ceased, &c..

1st Strophe, ver. 4, § 6.

All Nature lifts the choral song,  
 The Fir-trees on the mountain's head,  
 Rejoice thro' all their pomp of shade;  
 The lordly Cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:  
 Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,  
 Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the wood-  
 man's stroke.

## I. 3.

Hell, from her gulph profound,  
 Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,  
 Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.  
 See, at the awful call,  
 Her shadowy Heroes all,  
 Ev'n mighty Kings, the heirs of empire wide,  
 Rising, with solemn state, and slow,  
 From their fable thrones below,  
 Meet, and insult thy pride.  
 What, dost thou join our ghostly train,  
 A flitting shadow light, and vain?  
 Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,  
 Thy revel dance, and wanton song?  
 Proud King! Corruption fastens on thy breast;  
 And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the  
 feast.

## II. 1.

O Lucifer! thou radiant star,  
 Son of the Morn; whose rosy car

C 5

Flam'd

REFOMIATION

## REFERENCES.

1st Antistrophe, the whole Earth is at rest, &c. ver. 7, 8.

1st Epode, Hell from beneath is moved for thee, &c. ver. 9.

12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 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Flam'd foremost in the van of day :  
 How art thou fall'n, thou King of Light !  
 How fall'n from thy meridian height !  
 Who said'st the distant poles shall hear me, and obey.  
 High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,  
 And, as JEHOVAH's self, my voice the heav'ns shall  
 bow.

## II. 2.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore,  
 Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,  
 See, where his livid corse is laid.  
 The aged Pilgrim passing by,  
 Surveys him long with dubious eye ;  
 And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend head.  
 Just heav'ns ! is thus thy pride imperial gone ?  
 Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon ?

## II. 3.

Is this the Man, whose nod  
 Made the Earth tremble : whose terrific rod  
 Levell'd her loftiest cities ? Where he trod,  
 Famine putu'd and frown'd ;  
 'Till Nature groaning round,  
 Saw her rich realms transform'd to desarts dry ;  
 While at his crowded prison's gate,  
 Grasping the keys of Fate,  
 Stood Stern Captivity. Vain

## R E F E R E N C E S.

2d Strophe, *How art thou fallen from Heaven*, &c. ver. 12,  
 13, 14.  
 2d Antistrophe, *Yet thou shalt be brought down to Hell*, &c.  
 ver. 15, 16.  
 2d Epode, *Is this the man that made the Earth tremble*, &c.  
 ver. 16, 17, 18, 19.

Vain Man ! behold thy righteous doom ;  
 Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb ;  
 The trophied arch, the breathing bust,  
 The laurel shades their sacred dust :  
 While thou, vile Out-cast, on this hostile plain,  
 Moulder'st, a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

## III. 1.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust,  
 Shall dignify thy trampled dust :  
 No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.  
 For why, proud King, thy ruthless hand  
 Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,  
 And crush'd the subject race, whom Kings are born  
 to save :  
 Eternal Infamy shall blast thy name,  
 And all thy sons shall share their impious Father's  
 shame.

## III. 2.

Rise, purple Slaughter ! furious rise ;  
 Unfold the terror of thine eyes ;  
 Dart thy vindictive shafts around  
 Let no strange land a shade afford,  
 No conquer'd Nations call them Lord ;  
 Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.  
 For thus JEHOVAH swears ; no Name, no Son,  
 No remnant, shall remain of haughty Babylon.

## III. 3. Thus

## R E F E R E N C E S.

3d Strophe, *thou shalt not be joined to them in Burial, &c.*  
 ver. 20.  
 3d Antistrophe, *prepare Slaughter for his Children, ver. 21,*  
 22 —

Thus saith the righteous Lord :  
My Vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword ;  
O'er all thy realms my Fury shall be pour'd.  
Where yon proud city stood,  
I'll spread the stagnant flood ;  
And there the Bittern in the sedge shall lurk,  
Moaning with sullen strain :  
While, sweeping o'er the plain,  
Destruction ends her work.  
Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,  
I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe,  
Th' irrevocable word is spoke.  
From Judah's neck the galling yoke,  
Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state ;  
Thus by myself I swear, and what I swear is Fate.

#### REFERENCES.

3d Epode, saith the Lord, I will also make it a possession for the Bittern, &c. ver. —22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

## ELEGIES.

**E L E G I E S.**

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## ELEGY I.

*To a YOUNG NOBLEMAN  
Leaving the University.*

ERE yet, ingenuous Youth, thy steps retire  
 From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful  
 vale,  
 Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,  
 And met thee musing in her Cloysters pale ;  
 O ! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)  
 Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay ;  
 A lay like this thy early Virtues claim,  
 And this let voluntary Friendship pay.  
 Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,  
 When all those Virtues, opening now so fair,  
 Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,  
 Must learn each Passion's boist'rous breath to bear.  
 There, if Ambition pestilent and pale,  
 Or Luxury should taint their vernal glow ;  
 If cold Self-interest, with her chilling gale,  
 Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow ;  
 If mimic hues, by Art, or Fashion spread,  
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,  
 O ! with them may these laureate honors fade ;  
 And with them (if it can) my Friendship die.

Then

Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,  
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string ;  
 The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,  
 And vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.  
 Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,  
 The Poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,  
 Till sad Reflexion blames the hasty choice,  
 And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.  
 Call we the shade of POPE, from that blest bower  
 Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful Sage ;  
 Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour  
 When ST. JOHN's name \* illumin'd Glory's page ?  
 Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry stain,  
 Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe  
 Deserv'd the meed that MARLBRO' fail'd to gain,  
 The deathless meed, he only could bestow ?  
 The Bard will tell thee, the misguided praise  
 Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast ;  
 Ev'n now, repentant of his erring Lays,  
 He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.  
 If POPE thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,  
 Yet pity DRYDEN ; hark, whene'er he sings,  
 How Adulation drops her courtly dew  
 On titled Rhymers, and inglorious Kings.  
 See, from the depths of his exhausted mine,  
 His glittering stores the tuneful Spendthrift throws ;  
 Where Fear, or Interest bids, behold they shine ;  
 Now grace a CROMWELL'S, now a CHARLES'S  
 brows.

**NOTE.**

\* Alluding to this couplet of Mr. POPE's  
 To CATO VIRGIL paid one honest line,  
 O let my Country's friend illumine mine.

Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,  
 DRYDEN! in vain to thee those stores were lent:  
 Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling Art;  
 Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.  
 The simplest Lyre, if Truth directs its Lays,  
 Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:  
 Not to disgust with false, or venal praise,  
 Was PARNELL's modest fame, and may be mine.  
 Go then, my Friend, nor let thy candid breast  
 Condemn me, if I check the plausible string;  
 Go to the wayward world, compleat the rest;  
 Be, what the purest Muse would wish to sing.  
 Be still thyself; that open path of Truth,  
 Which led thee here, let Manhood firm pursue;  
 Retain the sweet simplicity of Youth,  
 And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.  
 Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of Art;  
 On vice's front let fearful caution low'r,  
 And teach the diffident, discreeter part  
 Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for Power.  
 So, round thy brow when Age's honours spread,  
 When Death's cold hand unstrings thy MASON's  
 lyre,  
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,  
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:  
 He, to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,  
 On Rapture's plume shall give thy Name to fly;  
 For trust, with reverence trust this \* Sabine strain:  
 "The Muse forbids the virtuous Man to die."

Written in 1753.

NOTE.

\*—Dignum laude Vnum.

Musa vetat mori.

Horace.

ELEGY

## E L E G Y II.

*Written in the GARDEN  
of a FRIEND.*

WHILE o'er my head this laurel-woven bower  
 Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,  
 Can Fancy slumber? can the tuneful Power,  
 That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?  
 No; if the blighting East deform the plain,  
 If this gay bank no balmy sweets exhal'd,  
 Still should the grove re-echo to my strain,  
 And friendship prompt the theme, where beauty  
 fail'd.

For he, whose careless art this foliage drest,  
 Who bade these twisting braids of woodbine bend,  
 He first, when truth and virtue, taught my breast  
 Where best to chuse, and best to fix a friend.  
 How well does Mem'ry note the golden day,  
 What time, reclin'd in Marg'ret's studious glade,  
 My minic reed first tun'd the \* Dorian Lay,  
 "Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade?"

'Twas

## N O T E.

\* *Musæus*, the first Poem in this Collection, written while the Author was a Scholar of St. John's College in Cambridge. See page 13.

'Twas there we met ; the Muses hail'd the hour ;  
 The same desires, the same ingenuous arts  
 Inspir'd us both ; we own'd, and blest the power  
 That join'd at once, our studies and our hearts.  
 O ! since those days, when Science spread the feast,  
 When emulative Youth its relish lent,  
 Say, has one genuine Joy e'er warin'd my breast ?  
 Enough ; if Joy was his, be mine Content.  
 To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore ;  
 He fondly wish'd not for a Poet's name ;  
 Much did he love the Muse, but Quiet more,  
 And, tho' he might command, he slighted Fame.  
 Hither, in manhood's prime, he wisely fled  
 From all that Folly, all that Pride approves ;  
 To this soft scene a tender Partner led ;  
 This laurel shade was witness to their loves.  
 " Begone," he cry'd, " Ambition's air-drawn plan ;  
 " Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth :  
 " Let me not seem, but be the happy man,  
 " Possess of Love, of Competence, and Health."  
 Smiling he spake, nor did the Fates withstand ;  
 In rural arts the peaceful moments flew :  
 Say, lovely Lawn ! that felt his forming hand,  
 How soon thy surface shone with verdure new,  
 How soon obedient FLORA brought her store,  
 And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung :  
 VERTUMNUS came ; his earliest blooms he bore,  
 And thy rich sides with waving purple hung :  
 Then to the right, he call'd yon stately spire,  
 He pierc'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade ;  
 Bad yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,  
 Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail,

Hail, sylvan wonders, hail ; and hail the hand,  
 Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,  
 And taught one little acre to command  
 Each envied happiness of scene, and shade.  
 Is there a hill, whose distant azure bounds  
 The ample range of Scarsdale's proud domain,  
 A mountain hoar, that yon wild Peak surrounds,  
 But lends a willing beauty to thy plain ?  
 And, lo ! in yonder path I spy my friend ;  
 He looks the guardian genius of the grove,  
 Mild as \* the fabled Form that whilom deign'd,  
 At MILTON's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove,  
 Blest Spirit, come ! tho' pent in mortal mould,  
 I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name ;  
 O come, a Portion of thy bliss unfold,  
 From Folly's maze, my wayward step reclaim.  
 Too long, alas, my inexperienc'd youth,  
 Milled by flattering Fortune's specious tale,  
 Has left the rural reign of Peace, and Truth,  
 The huddling brook, coal cave, and whispering  
 vale.  
 Won to the world, a candidate for praise,  
 Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,  
 Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,  
 Too much its vain applause has touch'd my heart ;  
 But

## N O T E.

\* See the Description of the Genius of the Wood, in MILTON's Arcades.

For know, by lot, from Jove, I am the Power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower ;  
 To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, &c.

But now, ere Custom binds his powerful chains,  
 Come, from the base enchanter set me free,  
 While yet my soul its first, best taste retains,  
 Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee.  
 Teach me, like thee, to muse on Nature's page,  
 To mark each wonder in Creation's plan,  
 Each mode of being trace, and, humbly sage,  
 Deduce from these the genuine powers of Man;  
 Of Man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,  
 No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;  
 Before vain Science led his taste astray;  
 When conscience was his law, and God his guide.  
 This let me learn, and learning let me live  
 The lesson o'er. From that great Guide of Truth  
 O may my suppliant soul the boon receive  
 To tread thro' age the footsteps of thy youth.

Written in 1758.

**ELEGY**

## \* E L E G Y III.

*To the Rev. Mr. HURD.*

**F**RIEND of my youth, who, when the willing  
Muse

Stream'd o'er my breast her warm poetic rays,  
Saw'st the fresh seeds their vital powers diffuse,  
And fed'st them with the soft'ring dew of praise!  
Whate'er the produce of th' unthrifthy soil,

The leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong:  
The labourer earns the wages of his toil;  
Who form'd the Poet, well may claim the song.

Yes, 'tis my pride to own, that taught by thee  
My conscious soul superior flights essay'd;

Learnt from thy lore the Poet's dignity,  
And spurn'd the hirelings of the rhyming trade.

Say, scenes of Science, say, thou haunted stream!  
[For oft my Muse-led steps did'st thou behold]

How on thy banks I rifled every theme,  
That Fancy fabled in her age of gold.

How oft I cry'd, " O come, thou tragic Queen!

" March from thy Greece with firm majestic tread!

" Such as when Athens saw thee fill her scene,

" When Sophocles thy choral Graces led:

" Saw

## N O T E.

\* This Elegy was prefixt to the former editions of CARACTACUS, as dedicatory of that poem.

" Saw thy proud pall it's purple length devolve ;  
 " Saw thee uplift the glitt'ring dagger high ;  
 " Ponder with fixed brow thy deep resolve,  
 " Prepar'd to strike, to triumph, and to die.  
 " Bring then to Britain's plain that choral throng ;  
 " Display thy buskin'd pomp, thy golden lyre ;  
 " Give her historic Forms the soul of song,  
 " And mingle Attic art with SHAKESPEAR's fire."  
 " Ah, what, fond boy, dost thou presume to claim?"  
 The Muse reply'd: " Mistaken suppliant, know,  
 " To light in SHAKESPEAR's breast the dazzling  
 " flame  
 " Exhausted all PARNASSUS could bestow.  
 " True, Art remains ; and, if from his bright page  
 " Thy mimic power one vivid beam can seize,  
 " Proceed, and in that best of tasks engage,  
 " Which tends at once to profit, and to please."  
 She spake ; and Harewood's Towers spontaneous  
 rose ;  
 Soft virgin warblings echo'd thro' the grove ;  
 And fair ELFIRA pour'd forth all her woes,  
 The hapless pattern of connubial love.  
 More awful scenes old Mona next display'd ;  
 Her caverns gloom'd, her forests wav'd on high,  
 While flam'd within their consecrated shade  
 The Genius stern of British liberty.  
 And see, my HURD ! to thee those scenes consign'd ;  
 O ! take and stamp them with thy honour'd name.  
 Around the page be friendship's chaplet twin'd ;  
 And, if they find the road to honest Fame,

And

YOUNG

Perchance the candour of some nobler age  
 May praise the Bard, who bade gay Folly beat  
 • Her cheap applause to the busy stage,  
 And leave him penive Virtue's silent tear:  
 Chose too to consecrate his fav'rite strain  
 To Him, who grac'd by ev'ry liberal art,  
 That best might shine among the learned train,  
 Yet more exzell'd in morals and in heart:  
 Whose equal mind could see vain fortune shower  
 Her slimy favours on the fawning crew,  
 While, in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower,  
 She fixt him distant from Promotion's view:  
 Yet, shelter'd there by calm Contentment's wing,  
 Pleas'd he could smile, and, with sage HOOKE's  
 eye,  
 + " See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,  
 " And eat his bread in peace and privacy."

Written in 1759.

N O T E

\* Nil equidem feci (tu scis hoc ipse) Theatris;  
 Male nec in planis ambitionis mea est. Ovid. Trist. Lib. V. El. vii. 23.

† Verbatim from a letter of HOOKE's to ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT. "But, my Lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, [viz. his immortal Treatise on Ecclesiastical Polity] unless I be removed into some quiet country residence, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy." See his life in the *Biographia Britannica*.

## É L E G Y IV.

*On the DEATH of a LADY.*

THE midnight clock has toll'd ; and hark, the  
bell  
Of Death beats slow ! heard ye the note profound ?  
It pauses now ; and now, with rising knell,  
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.  
Yes \* \* \* is dead. Attend the strain,  
Daughters of Albion ! Ye that, light as air,  
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,  
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair :  
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom :  
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)  
Fair as the Forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,  
Float in light vision round the Poet's head.  
Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,  
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,  
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,  
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes ?  
Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,  
That o'er her form its transient glory cast :  
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,  
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again ! It tells us what she is :  
 On what she was no more the strain prolong :  
 Luxuriant Fancy pause : an hour like this  
 Demands the tribute of a serious Song.  
 MARIA claims it from that sable bier,  
 Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head ;  
 In still small whispers to reflection's ear,  
 She breathes the solemn dictates of the Dead.  
 O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud ;  
 Proclaim the theme, by Sage, by Fool rever'd ;  
 Hear it, ye Young, ye Vain, ye Great, ye Proud !  
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.  
 Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,  
 While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap :  
 Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,  
 The mental Monitor shall wake and weep.  
 For say, than \* \* \*'s propitious star,  
 What brighter planet on your births arose ;  
 Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,  
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose !  
 Early to lose ; while, borne on busy wing,  
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom :  
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,  
 The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.  
 Think of her Fate ! revere the heav'nly hand  
 That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow ;  
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,  
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow :  
 To give Reflection time, with lenient art,  
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal ;  
 Teach her from Folly peaceably to part,  
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say,

Say, are ye sure his Mercy shall extend  
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:  
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,  
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!  
 Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,  
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;  
 Casts round Religion's orb the mists of fear,  
 Or shades with horrors, what with smiles should  
 glow.  
 No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,  
 Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;  
 Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,  
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.  
 Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,  
 In yon æthereal founts of bliss to lave;  
 Force then, secure in Faith's protecting shield,  
 The Sting from Death, the Vict'ry from the Grave.  
 Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye Vain,  
 Your hopes, your fears in doubt, in dulness sleep:  
 Go forth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,  
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep.  
 Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,  
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,  
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of War,  
 Who form the Phalanx, bid the battle bleed;  
 Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to \* die.  
 Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:  
 Like you, they reason; not, like you, enjoy  
 The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail;

D 2

On

## N O T E.

\* In a book of French verses, entitled *Oeuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci*, and lately reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the

On Pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gayly steer  
 Your little course to cold oblivion's shore :  
 They dare the storm, and, through th' inclement  
 year,  
 Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.  
 Is it for Glory? that just Fate denies.  
 Long must the Warrior moulder in his shroud,  
 Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents  
 rise,  
 That lift the Hero from the fighting crowd.  
 Is it his grasp of empire to extend?  
 To curb the fury of insulting foes?  
 Ambition, cease : the idle contest end :  
 'Tis but a Kingdom thou can'st win or lose.  
 And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,  
 (If Life be all) why desolation low'r,  
 With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,  
 That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?  
 Go, wiser ye, that flutter Life away,  
 Crown with the mantling Juice the goblet high ;  
 Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,  
 And live your moment, since the next ye die.

Yet

the title of *Poesies Diverses*, may be found an epistle to Marshal KEITH, written professedly against the immortality of the Soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines.

De l'avenir, cher KEITH, jugeons par le passé ;  
 Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé,  
 De même, après ma mort, quand toutes mes parties  
 Par la corruption feront anéanties,  
 Par un même destin il ne pensera plus ;  
 Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu, &c.

It is to this epistle, that the rest of the Elegy alludes.

Yet know, vain Scepticks, know, th'Almighty mind,  
Who breath'd on Man a portion of his fire,  
Bad his free Soul, by earth nor time confin'd,  
To Heav'n, to Immortality aspire.  
Nor shall the Pile of Hope, his Mercy rear'd,  
By vain Philosophy be e'er destroy'd:  
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,  
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

Written in 1760.



D R A M A T I C  
P O E M S.

D 4

ОГЛАВЛЕНИЕ

СОДЕРЖАНИЕ

# ELFRIDA:

Written on the MODEL

OF THE

ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY.

First published in the year 1751.

D 5

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

**ORGAR**, Earl of Devonshire.

**CHORUS**, of British Virgins.

**ELFRIDA**, Daughter to **ORGAR**.

**ATHELWOLD**, Husband to **ELFRIDA**.

**EDWIN**, a Messenger.

**EDGAR**, King of ENGLAND.

**ORGAR**, disguised in a Peasant's Habit, speaks  
the Prologue.

**SCENE**, a Lawn before **ATHELWOLD's** Castle

in *Harewood Forest*.

## E L F R I D A,

A

## DRAMATIC POEM.

O R G A R.

**H**OW nobly does this venerable wood,  
 Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,  
 Enbosom yon fair mansion ! The soft air  
 Salutes me with most cool and temp'rate breaths,  
 And, as I tread, the flow'r-besprinkled lawn  
 Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,  
 If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal clime,  
 This was her place of dearest residence.  
 Grant, Heav'n ! I find it such. 'Tis now three months,  
 Since first Earl ATHELWOLD espous'd my daughter.  
 He then besought me, for some little space  
 The nuptials might be secret ; many reasons,  
 He said, induc'd to this : I made no pause,  
 But, resting on his prudence, to his will  
 Gave absolute concurrence. Soon as married,  
 He to this secret seat convey'd ELFRI DA ;  
 Convey'd her as by stealth enjoy'd, and left her :  
 Yet not without I know not what excuse  
 Of call to court, of EDGAR's royal friendship,  
 And England's welfare. To his prince he went :  
 And since, as by intelligence I gather,

He

He oft returns to this his cloyster'd wife ;  
 But ever with a privacy most studied ;  
 Borrowing disguises till inventive art  
 Can scarce supply him with variety.  
 His visits, as they're stol'n, are also short ;  
 Seldom beyond the circuit of one sun ;  
 Then back to court, while she his absence mourns  
 Full many a lonely hour. I brook not this.  
 Had **ATHELWOLD** espous'd some base-born peasant,  
 This usage had been apt : but when he took  
 My daughter to his arms, he took a virgin,  
 Thro' whose rich veins the blood of British Kings  
 Ran in unsullied stream. Her lineage sure  
 Might give her place and notice with the noblest  
 In **EDGAR**'s court. **ELFRIDA**'s beauty too  
 (I speak not from a father's foolish fondness)  
 Would shine amid the fairest, and reflect  
 No vulgar glory on that beauty's master.  
 This act bespeaks the madman. Who, that own'd  
 An em'rald, jasper, or rich chrysolite,  
 Would hide its lustre, or not bid it blaze  
 Conspicuous on his brow ? Haply **ATHELWOLD**  
 May have espous'd some other. 'Sdeath he durst not  
 My former feats in arms must have inform'd him,  
 That **ORGAR**, while he liv'd, would never prove  
 A traitor to his honour. If he has—  
 This aged arm is not so much unstrung  
 By slack'ning years, but just revenge will brace it.  
 And, by yon awful heav'n—But hold, my rage,  
 I came to search into this matter coolly.  
 Hence, to conceal the father and the earl,  
 This pilgrim's staff, and scrip, and all these marks  
 Of vagrant poverty.

**CHORUS**

C H O R U S (within.)

Hail to thy living light, ambrosial Morn!  
All hail thy roseat ray!

## O R G A R

But hark, the sound of sweetest minstrelsy  
Breaks on mine ear. The females, I suppose,  
Whom A<sup>TH</sup>E<sup>L</sup>W<sup>O</sup>L<sup>D</sup> has left my child's attendants:  
That, when she wails the absence of her lord,  
Their lenient airs, and sprightly-fancied songs,  
May steal away her woes. See, they approach:  
This grove shall shroud me till they cease their strain;  
Then I'll address them with some feigned tale.

[He retires.

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

Hail to thy living light,  
Ambrosial Morn! all hail thy roseat ray:  
That bids young nature all her charms display

In varied beauty bright;  
That bids each dewy-spangled flowret rise,  
And dart around its vermeil dies;  
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,  
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.

Away, ye Goblins all,  
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;  
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt  
Beside some lonely wall,  
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,  
Where, at pale midnight's stilllest hour

Thro'

Thro' each rough chink the solemn orb of night  
 Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.  
 Away, ye Elves, away :  
 Shrink at ambrosial Morning's living ray ;  
 That living ray, whose pow'r benign  
 Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,  
 Where, thron'd in artless majesty,  
 The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.—

## C H O R U S, O R G A R.

## C H O R U S.

Silence, my sisters. Whence this rudeness, stranger,  
 That thus has prompted thine unbidden ear  
 To listen to our strains ?

## O R G A R.

Your pardon, Virgins :  
 I meant not rudeness tho' I dar'd to listen ;  
 For ah ! what ear so fortify'd and barr'd  
 Against the force of powerful harmony,  
 But would with transport to such sweet assailants  
 Surrender its attention ? Never yet  
 Have I pass'd by the night-bird's fav'rite spray,  
 What time she powers her wild and artless song,  
 Without attentive pause and silent rapture ;  
 How could I then, with savage disregard,  
 Hear voices tun'd by nature sweet as her's,  
 Grac'd with all art's addition ?

## C H O R U S.

Thy mean garb,  
 And this thy courtly phrase but ill accord.  
 Whence, and what art thou, stranger ?

## O R G A R.

## O R G A R.

Virgins, know

These limbs have oft been wrapt in richer vest :  
 But what avails it now ? all have their fate ;  
 And mine has been most wretched.

## C H O R U S.

May we ask

What cruel cause —

## O R G A R.

No ! let this hapless breast  
 Still hide the melancholy tale.

## C H O R U S.

We know,

There oft is found an avarice in grief ;  
 And the wan eye of Sorrow loves to gaze  
 Upon its secret hoard of treasur'd woes  
 In pining solitude. Perhaps thy mind  
 Takes the same pensive cast : if not, permit  
 That we in social sympathy, may drop  
 The tender tear.

## O R G A R.

Ah ! ill would it become ye,  
 To let the woes of such a wretch as I am,  
 E'er dim your bright eyes with a pitying tear.

## C H O R U S.

The eye, that will not weep another's sorrow,  
 Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare,  
 That reddens in the eye-ball of the wolf.

Let us entreat —

## O R G A R.

Know, Virgins, I was born  
 To ample property of lands and flocks,

On

On this side Tweeda's stream. My youth and vigor  
 Atchiev'd full many afeat of martial prowess :  
 Nor was my skill in chivalry unnoted  
 In the fair volume of my sovereign's love ;  
 Who ever held me in his best esteem,  
 And closest to his person. When he paid,  
 What all must pay, to fate ; and short-liv'd EDWY  
 Mounted the vacant throne, which now his brother  
 Fills (as loud fame reports) right royally ;  
 I then, unfit for pageantry and courts,  
 Sat down in peace among my faithful vassals,  
 At my paternal seat. But ah ! not long  
 Had I enjoy'd the sweets of that recess,  
 Ere by the savage inroads of base hinds,  
 That sallied frequent from the Scottish heights,  
 My lands were all laid waste, my people murder'd ;  
 And I, thro' impotence of age unfit  
 To quell their brutal rage, was forc'd to drag  
 My mis'ries thro' the land, a friendless wand'rer.

## C H O R U S.

We pity and condole thy wretched state,  
 But we can do no more ; which, on thy part,  
 Claims just returns of pity : for whose lot  
 Demands it more than theirs, whom fate forbids  
 To taste the joys of courteous charity ;  
 To wipe the trickling tears, which dew the cheek  
 Of palsy'd age ; to smooth its furrow'd brow,  
 And pay its grey hairs each due reverence ?  
 Yet such delight we are forbid to taste !  
 For 'tis our lord's command, that not a stranger,  
 However high or lowly his degree,  
 Have entrance at these gates.

## O R G A R.

## O R G A R.

Who may this tyrant—

## C H O R U S.

Alas, no tyrant he ; the more our wonder  
 At this harsh mandate : Tenderness and Pity  
 Have made his breast their home. He is a man  
 More apt, thro' inborn gentleness to err  
 In giving mercy's tide too free a course,  
 Than with a thrifty and illiberal hand  
 To stint its channel. This his praise you'll hear  
 The universal theme in EDGAR's court :  
 For EDGAR ranks him first in his high favor ;  
 Loads him with honours which the Earl receives  
 As does the golden censer frankincense,  
 Only to spread a sacred gale of blessings  
 Around on all.

## O R G A R.

Methinks, this pleasing portrait  
 Bears strong resemblance of Lord ATHELWOLD.

## C H O R U S.

Himself : no Briton but has heard his fame.

## O R G A R.

'Tis wondrous strange ; can you conceive no cause  
 For this his conduct ?

## C H O R U S.

None, that we may trust.

## O R G A R.

Your garbs bespeak you for the fair attendants  
 Of some illustrious dame, the wife, or sister  
 Of this dread earl.

## C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

On this head too, old man,

We are commanded a religious silence:  
 Which strictly we obey; for well we know  
 Fidelity's a virtue that ennobles  
 Ev'n servitude itself: Farewell, depart  
 With our best wishes; we do trespass much  
 To hold this open converse with a stranger.

## O R G A R.

Stay, Virgins, stay; have ye no friendly shed,  
 But bord'ring on your castle, where these limbs  
 Might lay their load of mis'ry for an hour?  
 Have ye no food, however mean and homely,  
 Wherewith I might support declining nature?  
 Ev'n while I speak, I find my spirits fail;  
 And well, full well, I know these trembling feet,  
 Ere I can pace a hundred steps, will sink  
 Beneath their wretched burthen.

## C H O R U S.

Piteous sight!

What shall we do, my sisters? To admit  
 This man beneath the roof, would be to scorn  
 The Earl's strict interdict; and yet my heart  
 Bleeds to behold that white, old, rev'rend head  
 Bow'd with such misery.—Yes, we must aid him.  
 Hie thee, poor pilgrim, to yon neighb'ring bow'r,  
 O'er which an old oak spreads his awful arm,  
 Mantled in brownest foliage, and beneath  
 The ivy, gadding from th'untwisted stem,  
 Curtains each verdant side. There thou may'st rest,  
 There too, perchance, some of our sisterhood  
 May bring thee speedy sustenance.

## O R G A R.

## O R G A R.

Kind Heav'n!

Reward—

## C H O R U S.

Ah, stay not here to thank us,  
 But haste to give thine age this meet repose.  
 That done, we do conjure thee leave the place  
 With cautious secrecy; for was it known,  
 That thus we trespass'd on our lord's command,  
 The consequence were fatal.

## O R G A R.

Fairest Maid!

Think not I'll basely draw down punishments  
 On my preservers. I retire. May blessings  
 Show'r'd from yon fount of Bliss repay your kindness.

[Exit Orgar.]

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Yes, sisters, yes, when pale distress  
 Implores your aiding hand,  
 Let not a partial faithfulness,  
 Let not a mortal's vain command  
 Urge you to break th'unalterable laws  
 Of heav'n-descended Charity.  
 Ah! follow still the soft-ey'd Deity;  
 For know, each path she draws,  
 Along the plain of life,  
 Meets at the central dome of heart-felt Joy.  
 Follow the soft-ey'd Deity;  
 She bids ye, as ye hope for blessings, bless.  
 Aid then the gen'ral cause of gen'ral happiness.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Humanity thy awful strain  
 Shall ever greet our ear,

Sonorous,

Sonorous, sweet, and clear.  
 And as amid the sprightly-swelling-train  
 Of dulcet notes, that breathe  
 From flute or lyre,  
 The deep base rolls its manly melody,  
 Guiding the tuneful choir ;  
 So thou, Humanity, shalt lead along  
 Th'accordant passions in their moral song,  
 And give our mental concert truest harmony.

## C H O R U S.

But see, ELFRI DA comes.  
 Should we again resume our former strain,  
 And hail the Morn that paints her waking beauties ;  
 Or stay her gentle bidding ? Rather stay ;  
 For, as I think, she seems in pensive mood:  
 And there are times, when to the sorrowing soul  
 Ev'n harmony is harshness.

## E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

## E L F R I D A.

O my Virgins,

With what a leaden and retarding weight,  
 Does Expectation load the wing of Time ?  
 Alas, how have these three dull hours crept on,  
 Since first the crimson mantle of the morn  
 Skirted yon gay horizon ? Say, my Friends,  
 Have I miscounted ? Did not ATHELWOLD  
 At parting fix this morn for his return ?  
 This dear long-wish'd for morn ? He did, he did,  
 And seal'd it with a kiss ; I could not err.  
 And yet he comes not. He was wont outstrip  
 The sun's most early speed, and make its rising  
 To me unwish'd and needless. This delay  
 Creates strange doubts and scruples in my breast.

Courts

Courts throng with beauties, and my A**THELWOLD**  
 Has a soft, susceptible heart, as prone  
 To yield its love to ev'ry sparkling eye,  
 As is the musk-rose to dispense its fragrance  
 To ev'ry whisp'ring breeze; perhaps he's false,  
 Perhaps E**LFRIDA**'s wretched.

## C H O R U S.

See, E**LFRIDA**,

Ah see! how round yon branching elm the ivy  
 Clasps its green folds, and poisons what supports it.  
 Not less injurious to the shoots of Love  
 Is sickly jealousy.

## E L F R I D A.

My mind nor pines  
 With jealousy, nor rests secure in peace.  
 Who loves, must fear; and sure who loves like me,  
 Must greatly fear.

## C H O R U S

Yet whence the cause? Your Earl  
 Has ever yet (this little breach excepted)  
 Been punctual to appointment. Did his eye  
 Glow with less ardent passion when he left you,  
 Than at the first blest meeting? No! I mark'd him,  
 His parting glance was that of fervent love,  
 And constancy unalter'd? Do not fear him.

## E L F R I D A.

I should not fear him, were his present stay  
 The only cause. Alas, it is not so!  
 Why comes my Earl so secret to these arms?  
 Why, but because he dreads the just reproach  
 Of some deluded fair one? Why am I  
 Here shrouded up like the pale Votarist,

Who

Who knows no visitant, save the lone owl,  
 That nightly leaves his ivy-shrouded cell,  
 And fails on slow wing thro' the cloister'd isles,  
 List'ning her faintly orifons? Why am I  
 Deny'd to follow my departed Lord  
 Whene'er his duty calls him to the palace?

## C H O R U S.

Covet not that; the noblest proof of love  
 That A<sup>TH</sup>E<sup>L</sup>W<sup>O</sup>L<sup>D</sup> can give, is still to guard  
 Your beauties from the blast of courtly gales.  
 The crimson blush of virgin modesty,  
 The delicate soft tints of innocence  
 There all fly off, and leave no boast behind  
 But well-rang'd, faded features. Ah, Elfrida,  
 Should you be doom'd, which happier fate forbids!  
 To drag your hours through all that nauseous scene  
 Of pageantry and vice; your purer breast,  
 True to its virtuous relish, soon would heave  
 A fervent sigh for innocence and Harewood.

## E L F R I D A.

You much mistake me, Virgin's; the throng'd palace  
 Were undesir'd by me, did not that palace  
 Detain my A<sup>TH</sup>E<sup>L</sup>W<sup>O</sup>L<sup>D</sup>. If he were here,  
 His presence would convert this range of oaks  
 To stately columns; these gay-liv'ried flow'rs  
 To troops of gallant ladies; and yon deer,  
 That jut their antlers forth in sportive fray,  
 To armed knights at joust or tournament.  
 If A<sup>TH</sup>E<sup>L</sup>W<sup>O</sup>L<sup>D</sup> dwelt here; if no ambition  
 Could lure his steps from love, and this still forest;  
 If I might never moan his time of absence,  
 Longer than that which serv'd him for the chase  
 Or of the wolf, or stag; or when he bore

The

The hood-wink'd falcon forth; might these, my Vir-  
gins,  
And these alone, be love's short intervals,  
I should not have one thought remote from Hare-  
wood.

## C H O R U S.

And would you wish that *Abelwold* should slight  
The weal of England, and on these light toys  
Waste his unvalued hours? No, fond *Elfrida*;  
His active soul is wing'd for nobler flights.

## E L F R I D A.

What then, must England's welfare hold my Earl  
For ever from these shades?

## C H O R U S.

We say not that.

The youth, who bathes in pleasure's tempting  
stream

At well-judg'd intervals, feels all his soul  
Nerv'd with recruited strength; but if too oft  
He swims in sportive mazes through the flood,  
It chills his languid virtue. For this cause  
Your Earl forbids, that these enchanting groves,  
And their fair mistress should possess him wholly.  
He knows he has a country and a king,  
That claim his first attention; yet be sure,  
'Twill not be long, ere his unbending mind  
Shall lose in sweet oblivion ev'ry care,  
Among th' embow'ring shades that veil *Elfrida*.

## E L F R R I D A.

O be that speech prophetic; may he soon  
Seek these embow'ring shades! Meanwhile, my  
friends,

Sooth me with harmony. I know full well  
 That ye were nurs'd in Cornwall's wizard caves,  
 And oft have pac'd the fairy-peopled vales  
 Of Devon, where Posterity retains  
 Some vein of that old minstrelsy, which breath'd  
 Through each time-honor'd grove of British oak.  
 There, where the spreading consecrated boughs  
 Fed the sage mistletoe, the holy Druids  
 Lay rapt in moral musings ; while the Bards  
 Call'd from their solemn harps such lofty airs,  
 As drew down fancy from the realms of Light  
 To paint some radiant vision on their minds,  
 Of high mysterious import. But on me  
 Such strains sublime were wasted : I but ask  
 A sprightly song to speed the lazy flight  
 Of these dull hours. And Music sure can find  
 A magic spell to make them skim their round,  
 Swift as the swallow circles. Try its power :  
 While I, from yonder hillock, watch his coming.

[Exit Elfrida.]

## C H O R U S.

### O D E.

The Turtle tells her plaintive tale,  
 Sequester'd in some shadowy vale ;  
 The Lark in radiant æther floats,  
 And swells in wild extatic notes :  
 Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn spray  
 The Linnet wakes her temp'rate lay ;  
 She haunts no solitary shade,  
 She flutters o'er no sun-shine mead,

No

No love-lorn grieves depress her song,  
 No raptures lift it loudly high,  
 But soft she thrills, amid the aerial throng,  
 Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.

Sweet Bird ! like thine our lay shall flow,  
 Nor gayly brisk, nor sadly slow ;  
 For to thy note sedate, and clear,  
 CONTENT still lends a list'ning ear.  
 Reclin'd this mossy bank along,  
 Oft has she heard thy careless song :  
 Why hears not now ? What fairer grove  
 From Harewood lures her devious love ?  
 What fairer grove than Harewood knows,  
 More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,  
 More shadowy bowers inviting soft repose,  
 More streams slow-wand'ring through her winding  
 vales ?

Perhaps to some lone cave the Rover flies,  
 Where lull'd in pious peace the Hermit lies.

For, from the Hall's tumultuous state,  
 Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,  
 There will the meek-ey'd Matron oft retreat,  
 And with the solemn Sage high converse hold.

There, Goddess, on the shaggy mound,  
 Where tumbling torrents roar around,  
 Where pendant mountains o'er your head  
 Stretch their reverential shade ;  
 You listen, while the holy Seer  
 Slowly chaunts his vespers clear ;  
 Or of his sparing mess partake,  
 The sav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,

The bev'rage cool of limpid morn,  
Then rising light, your host you bless,  
And o'er his saintly temples bland distill  
Seraphic day-dreams of heav'n's happiness.

Where'er thou art, enchanting Power,  
Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's bower:  
Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,  
Printing this dew-impearled green;  
Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,  
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,  
Among the welcome guests that move  
Attendant on the state of Love.  
There, when the Sov'reign leads along  
Of Sports and Smiles a jocund train,  
Then last, yet loveliest of the lovely throng,  
Thou com'st to soften, yet secure his reign.

And, hark, compleating our prophetic lay,  
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty way;  
Now nearer, and now nearer sounds.  
Avaunt! ye vain, delusive Fears.  
Hark! Echo tells through Harewood's amplest bounds  
That Love, Content, and ATHELWOLD appears.

A T H E L W O L D, E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

A T H E L W O L D.

Look ever thus; with that bright glance of joy  
Thus alway meet my transports. Let these arms  
Thus ever fold me; and this cheek, that blooms  
With all health's op'ning roses, press my lips,  
Warm as at this blest moment.

## ELFRIDA.

Abelwold,

I had prepar'd me many a stern rebuke ;  
 Had arm'd my brow with frowns, and taught my eye  
 Th' averted glance of coldness, which might best  
 Greet such a loit'ring lover: but I find,  
 'Twas a vain task ; for this my truant heart  
 Forgets each lesson, which resentment taught,  
 And in thy sight knows only to be happy.

## A T H E L W O L D.

My best *Elfrida*—Heav'n: it cannot last.  
 The giddy height of joy, to which I'm lifted,  
 Is as a hanging rock, at whose low foot  
 The black and beating surge of Infamy  
 Rolls ready to receive, and sink my soul.

## ELFRIDA.

So soon to fall into this musing mood—  
 I thought, my Lord, you promis'd you would leave  
 These looks behind at Court. Nay, 'twas the cause  
 Assign'd for this my residence at Harewood,  
 That you might never come to these fond arms,  
 But with a breast devoid of public care,  
 And fill'd alone with rapture and *Elfrida*.  
 Said you not so? Why then that pensive posture,  
 That down-cast eye? Surely the City's din,  
 And this calm grove have lost their difference.  
 I'll with you to the palace.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Heav'n forbid !

## E L F R I D A.

Nay, my best Lord, I meant it but in sport ;  
 For should you bid me quit these blooming lawns,  
 For some bare heath, or drear unpeopled desert ;  
 Believe me, I would think its wildness Eden,  
 If *Abelwold* with frequent visitation  
 Endear'd the savage scene : but yet I fear  
 My Father.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Hah ! why him ?

## E L F R I D A.

You know his temper ;

How jealous of his rank, and his trac'd lineage  
 From royal ancestry. I fear me much,  
 He will not brook you should conceal me long  
 In this lone privacy : No, he will deem it  
 Far unbecoming her, whose veins are fill'd  
 With the rich stream of his nobility.  
 Should it be so, his hot and fiery nature,  
 I doubt, will blaze, and do some dreadful outrage.

## A T H E L W O L D.

He need not know it, or, if chance he should,  
 It matters not, if so this forest life  
 Seem of your own adoption and free choice.  
 And that it will so seem, I trust that love,  
 Which ever yet has met my wayward will  
 With pleas'd compliance, and unask'd assent.

## E L F R I D A.

And ever shall : yet blame me not, my Lord,  
 If prying womanhood should prompt a wish  
 To learn the cause of this your strange commotion,

Which

Which ever wakes, if I but drop one thought  
Of quitting Harewood.

A T H E L W O L D.

Go to the clear surface  
Of yon unruffled lake, and, bending o'er it,  
There read my answer.

E L F R I D A.

These are riddles, Sir—

A T H E L W O L D.

No ; for its glassy and reflecting surface  
Will smile with charms too tempting for a palace.

E L F R I D A.

Does *Atelwold* distrust *Elfrida's* faith ?

A T H E L W O L D.

No : but he much distrusts *Elfrida's* beauty.

E L F R I D A.

Away: you trifler.

A T H E L W O L D.

Never more in earnest ;  
I would not for the throne which *Edgar* sits on,  
That *Edgar* should behold it.

E L F R I D A.

What, my Lord,  
Think you the face, that caught your single heart,  
Will make all hearts its captives ? Vain surmise.  
Yet grant it could ; the face is your's alone :  
Not *Edgar's* self would dare to seize it from you.  
*Edgar's* a King, and not a tyrant.

A T H E L W O L D.

True,  
*Edgar's* a King, a just one ; his firm feet

Walk ever in the fore-right road of honor,  
 Nor do I know what lure can draw his steps  
 Devious from that straight path, save only one:  
 That tempting lure is beauty. Ah! *Elfrida*,  
 Throw but the dazzling bait within his view,  
 The unfain'd wolf does not with fiercer rage  
 Burst the slight bondage of the silken net,  
 Than he the ties of law. Late, very late,  
 Smit casually with young *Matilda*'s face,  
 He straight commanded her reluctant Mother  
 To yield her to his arms: nor had she 'scap'd  
 The violating fervor of his love,  
 Had not the prudent dame suborn'd her handmaid,  
 To take the unchaste office, and be led  
 Veil'd in the mask of night, to *Edgar*'s chamber  
 A counterfeit *Matilda*. As it chanc'd,  
 The damsel pleas'd the King, nor did detection  
 A whit abate his fondness; he forgave  
 The prudent mother, eas'd *Matilda*'s fears,  
 And led the wanton minstrel to his court,  
 Where still she shares—

## C H O R U S.

Behold, Earl *Athelwold*,

A messenger arrives; his speed and aspect  
 Speak some important errand.

EDWIN, A THELWOLD, ELFRIDA,  
 C H O R U S.

A T H E L W O L D.

How now, EDWIN?

E D W I N.

The King, my Lord, is on his way to Harewood.

A T H E L

## A T H E L W O L D.

The King!

E D W I N.

His purpose is to pass through Mercia;  
 And in a hasty message, some two hours  
 After you left the palace, this his pleasure  
 Was sent you by Lord SEOFRID; withal  
 Commanding your attendance. You being absent,  
 He straightway turn'd his course through this fair  
 forest,  
 Meaning to chase the Stag; his train is small,  
 As was his purpose sudden.

E L F R I D A.

Good, my Lord,

Why thus perplex'd?

C H O R U S.

Heav'n's! what a deep Despair  
 Sits on his brow?

E L F R I D A.

The notice sure is short;  
 But that's a trifle, a small train requires  
 The smaller preparation: let him come.

A T H E L W O L D.

Yes, let him come: so thou wilt say, *Elfrida*,  
 When thou hast heard my tale. Yes, let him come,  
 So wilt thou say, and let thy husband perish.  
 Yet shall these arms once more embrace thee closely,  
 Ere yet thou fly them as the pois'nous adder.  
 'Tis o'er: in that embrace *Elfrida's Love*  
 Was buried; and in that embrace, the *Peace*  
 Of wretched *Atbelwold*.

## E L F R I D A.

What may this be?

## A T H E L W O L D.

O *Edwin*, *Edwin*, when surviving Malice  
 Shall prey upon the Fame of thy dead Master,  
 Wilt thou not some way strive to check the Fiend's  
 Insatiate fury? Wilt thou see my name  
 Defil'd, and blacken'd with Detraction's venom,  
 And bear it patiently?

## E L F R I D A.

What means my best—

## A T H E L W O L D.

Peace; not a word of Best, or Lov'd, or Dear:  
 These are not titles now for thee to use,  
 Or me to triumph in. Virgins, retire;  
 We would a while be private. Nay, return.  
 Concealment would be vain; and ye and *Edwin*  
 Are bound to me. *Albina*! as for you,  
 I sav'd your father, when his blood was forfeit.

## C H O R U S.

Not I, great Earl, alone, but all this train  
 Are bound by ev'ry tie of faith and love  
 To gen'rous *Atbelwold*; to that mild master,  
 Who never forc'd our Service to one act,  
 But of such liberal sort, as Freedom's self  
 Would smilingly perform.

## A T H E L W O L D.

It may be so,  
 But where's the tie, *Elfrida*, that may bind  
 Thy faith and love?

E L.

## E L F R I D A.

The strongest sure, my Lord,  
The golden, nuptial tie. Try but its strength.

## A T H E L W O L D.

I must perforse this instant. Know, *Elfrida*  
Once, on a day of high festivity,  
The youthful King, encircled with his Nobles,  
Crown'd high the sparkling bowl; and much of Love  
Of beauty much the sprightly converse ran.

When, as it well might chance, the brisk Lord *Ardulph*

Made gallant note of *Orgar*'s peerless daughter,  
And in such phrase as might enflame a breast  
More cool than *Edgar*'s. Early on the morrow  
Th' impatient Monarch gave me swift commission,  
To view those charms, of which Lord *Ardulph*'s

tongue

Had giv'n such warm description: to whose words  
If my impartial eye gave full assent,  
I had his royal mandate on the instant  
To hail you Queen of England.

## E L F R I D A.

'Stead of which

You came, and hail'd me Wife of *Atbelwold*.  
Was this the tale I was so taught to fear?  
Was this the deed, that known would make me fly  
Thy clasping arm, as 'twere the pois'rous adder?  
No, let this tender, fond embrace assure thee,  
That thy *Elfrida*'s love can never die;  
Or, if it could, this animating touch  
Would soon rewake it into life and rapture.

## A T H E L-

## A T H E L W O L D.

Dost thou then pardon me? Come, injur'd sovereign,  
Plunge deep thy sword of justice in this breast,  
And I will die contented.

## E L F R I D A.

Heav'n forbid!

What can be done?

## C H O R U S.

Indeed, ye constant pair,

'Tis fit ye strive to fly the coming danger.  
For Safety now sits wav'ring on your Love,  
Like the light down upon the Thistle's beard,  
Which ev'ry breeze may part. Say, noble Earl,  
What feint was us'd to lull the king's impatience?

## A T H E L W O L D.

Soon as these shades had veil'd my beauteous bride,  
I hasted back to EDGAR, laugh'd at ARDULPH,  
And talk'd of ELFRID, as of vulgar beauties;  
Own'd no uncommon light'ning in her eye,  
No breast that sham'd the snow, or cheek the rose.  
The sprightly King believ'd me, and forgot her.

## C H O R U S.

But an alliance, great as A T H E L W O L D ' s  
With *Orgar*'s daughter, soon would blaze abroad,  
The theme of popular converse.

## A T H E L W O L D.

True, it would;  
And for that Reason, when I last was here,  
The King was taught I went to wed *Elfrida*.

## E L F R I D A.

How so, my Lord?

## A T H E L-

## A T H E L W O L D.

Thy Father, my *Elfrida*,  
 Has rich possessions: These, and these alone,  
 I made my theme of Love; and told the king,  
 That tho' thy face (pardon the impious falsehood)  
 Boasted not charms to grace a Monarch's throne,  
 Yet would thy dow'r well suit his minister.  
 I therefore meant to ask thee of thy father,  
 And (that my want of skill in choice might 'scape  
 All censure) hide thee close in Harewood castle.  
*Edgar* with smiles consented, and, I think,  
 Harbours no thought of my disloyalty.

## E L F R I D A.

If so, what danger now?

## A T H E L W O L D.

Ask'st thou, what danger?  
 'Sdeath, will that glance not instantly proclaim  
 My tenfold treachery?

## E L F R I D A.

He shall not see me.  
 I'll hide me instant in some secret chamber,  
 And robe this virgin in my bridal vestments.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Thy Love, like balm, runs trickling o'er the wounds  
 Of my torn bosom; yet 'tis vain, 'tis vain:  
 Thou must thyself appear, for *Ardulph* ever  
 Attends the king, and would detect the fraud.

## E L F R I D A.

If so, yet still I can insure our safety;  
 For as you fear my softness of complexion,

I'll stain it with the juice of dusky leaves,  
 Or yellow berries, which this various wood  
 From tree or shrub will yield me. These I'll use,  
 And form a thousand methods to conceal  
 The little gleams of grace, which Nature lent me.  
 Fear not my caution.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Gentlest, best of Creatures,

Go, do then as thy tender care directs.  
 And yet how vain? What wond'rous art can steal  
 The liquid lightnings from those radiant eyes,  
 Or rob the wavy ringlets of that hair  
 Of all their nameless graces? Say it could,  
 Yet would that modest, but majestic mien,  
 That inborn dignity of soul, which breathes  
 Thro' each angelic gesture, still remain  
 To seize the heart of *Edgar*. Rest, *Elfrida*,  
 Rest as thou art, in all that blaze of beauty:  
 I must submit to my just lot, and lose thee.

## E L F R I D A.

Away, my Lord, with these too anxious scruples:  
 Fear not my carriage; I will stoop my head,  
 Drawl out an idiot phrase, and do each act  
 With ev'n a rude and peasant awkwardness.

## E D W I N.

Ere this, my Lord, I think, the King has reach'd  
 The full mid-way; 'twere fit you stood prepar'd  
 To give him meeting.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Give him a meeting, *Edwin*!

Alas! I have no mask to veil my baseness.  
 When deep contrition shadows all my soul,

I can:

I cannot dress my features in light smiles,  
 And look the thing I am not. No, these eyes  
 Are not as yet true vassals to my purpose,  
 As yet indeed I am but half a villain.

## E L F R I D A.

You weigh this matter in too nice a balance.  
 Your crime, my Lord, is but the crime of love :  
 Thousands like you have fail'd.

## A T H E L W O L D.

I know, *Elfrida*,

Could love absolve the crime, my soul were pure  
 As maiden innocence. Yes, I do love thee,  
 And thou art fair—beyond—But that's my bane ;  
 Thy ev'ry charm adds weight to my offence,  
 And heaps fresh wrongs upon the best of Masters.  
 Yes, *Elfrid*, *Edgar* was the best of Masters.  
 O hide me from the thought in that dear bosom—  
 Heavens ! I must die or keep her.

## E L F R I D A.

Live, or die,

I'm thine alike. Death cannot aught abate,  
 Or life augment, my love. Let this embrace  
 Be witness of my truth.

## A T H E L W O L D.

It shall, it shall :

Thy ev'ry word and look declares thee faithful,  
 Secure of all thy love, and all thy prudence,  
 Returning confidence has arm'd my soul  
 For this dread meeting : resting on thy truth  
 I go—

[*Exit Atbelwold.*]

E L-

## E L F R I D A.

Go, and thy guardian saint preserve thee,  
Show'r blessings vast as would my lavish love,  
Had I his power to bles thee !

## C H O R U S.

Yes, my Sisters,  
The silent awe that reigns thro' all your train,  
Befits ye well. Let Admiration first  
Pay her mute tribute. She can best expres,  
By those her kindling cheeks, and lifted eyes,  
Where the tear twinkles, that transcendent praise  
*Elfrida's* Virtue claims.

## E L F R I D A.

My Virtue, Virgins,  
Is only Love. Or, say that it be virtue,  
It owes its source to Love, to chaste Love,  
Than which what passion more impels the mind  
To fair and gen'rous action ? But the hours  
Are precious now. I'll to yon neighb'ring grove :  
There grows an azure flow'r, I oft have mark'd it,  
Which stains the pressing finger, with a juice  
Of dusky, yellow tint : its name I know not.  
I'll fetch and try it straight. Wait my return.

[Exit *Elfrida*.]

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

Whence does this sudden Lustre rise,  
That gilds the grove ? Not like the noontide beam,  
Which sparkling dances on the trembling stream,  
Nor the blue lightning's flash swift-shooting thro' the  
skies.

But

But such a solemn steady Light,  
As o'er the cloudless azure steals,  
When Cynthia riding on the brow of night,  
Stops in their mid career her silver wheels.

Whence can it rise, but from the sober pow'r  
Of CONSTANCY? She, heav'n-born Queen,  
Descends, and here in *Harewood's* hallow'd bower,  
Fixes her stedfast reign:

Stedfast, as when her high command  
Gives to the starry band  
Their radiant Stations in heav'n's ample plain.  
Stedfast, as when around this nether sphere,  
She winds the various year.

Tells what time the Snow-drop cold  
Its maiden whiteness may unfold,  
When the golden harvests bend,  
When the ruddy fruits descend.

Then bids pale Winter wake, to pour  
The pearly hail's translucent show'r,  
To cast his silv'ry mantle o'er the woods,  
And bind in crystal chains the slumb'ring floods.

The Soul, which she inspires, has pow'r to climb  
To all the heights sublime  
Of Virtue's tow'ring hill.  
That hill, at whose low foot weak-warbling stray  
The scanty stream of human praise,  
A shallow trickling rill.

While on the Summit hov'ring Angel's shed,  
From their blest pinions, the nectareous dews  
Of rich immortal Fame: From these the Muse

Oft steals some precious drops, and skilful blends  
 With those the lower fountain lends ;  
 Then showers it all on some high-favour'd head.  
 But thou, Elfrida, claim'st the genuine due ;  
 Thy worth demands it all,  
 Pure, and unmixed, on thee the holy drops shall fall.

[*Elfrida returns with flowers.*

**ELFRIDA, ORGAR, CHORUS,**  
**E L F R I D A.** [*looking on the flowers.*

\*Tis strange, my Virgins, this sweet child of Summer,  
 Silken and soft, whose breath perfumes the air,  
 Whose gay vest paints the Morn, should in its bosom  
 Hide such pollution ? Yet 'tis often thus :  
 All are not as they seem.

**O R G A R.**

Yet hear me, Lady.

**E L F R I D A.**

Be gone, unmanner'd Stranger, nor pursue me ;  
 Hence from the grove. Know ye this Pilgrim,  
 Virgins ?  
 On my return I met him here.

**C H O R U S.**

Alas ;

We saw him here before, and heard his tale,  
 That mov'd our pity—But I fear me now,  
 'Twas false ; some spy perchance, and may have  
 heard—

**O R G A R.**

I have ; yet not for that are you betray'd.  
 Fair Excellence, my heart is bound unto you,  
 I feel a tender interest in your welfare,  
 Tender as Fathers feel.

**E L F R I D A.**

## E L F R I D A.

As Fathers feel ;  
That well-known voice, and ah ! that look—

## O R G A R.

*Elfrida.*

## E L F R I D A.

Yes it is him, it is my Father, Virgins.  
Support me, or I faint ! O wherefore, Sir ?—

## O R G A R.

Take courage, Daughter ; my parental fondness  
Prompted this visit. Thus I came disguis'd,  
To learn the cause of my dear child's confinement :  
And I have learnt it.

## E L F R I D A.

Then all's lost for ever.

## O R G A R.

Thou know'st, Elfrida, next my house's honor,  
Thy peace has ever been my dearest care.  
But such an insult—No : I cannot brook it.  
So black a fraud ! By all my ancestors,  
By Belin's shade I will have ample vengeance.

## E L F R I D A.

Alas, I know too well your dreadful purpose ;  
I knew it at the first. Yes, he must fall.  
Yet pardon me, if my poor trembling heart  
Puts up I know not what of pray'rs and vows  
To ev'ry pitying saint. Celestial Guardians  
Of nuptial Constancy ! O bend from Heav'n  
Your star-crown'd heads, and hear a wretched wo-  
man,  
That begs ye save, from a dread father's rage,  
Her lord, her husband.

## O R G A R.

## O R G A R.

Husband ! 'Sdeath what husband ?  
 Is *Abelwold* thy husband ? Sooner call  
 Th' impeached thief true master of the booty  
 He stole, or murder'd for. Disdain the Villain ;  
 And help me to revenge thee.

## C H O R U S.

Think, great Earl ;  
 What sanctimonious ties restrain your daughter.  
 Did she not swear before the hallow'd shrine  
 Eternal fealty to this her Lord ?  
 Yet say, that he deceiv'd her ; shall her truth  
 Dare to revenge ? No, Sir, in highest heav'n  
 Vengeance 'mid storms and tempests sits enshrin'd,  
 Vested in robes of light'ning, and there sleeps,  
 Unwak'd but by th' incens'd Almighty's call.  
 Oh ! let not Man presume to take unbid  
 That dread vicegerency.

## O R G A R.

Peace, Virgins, peace.  
 Not ev'n the laws of Druids or of Bards  
 Have weight with me, when insults high as this  
 Rouse my just indignation. Hear me, Daughter,  
 You went to search for flow'rs, to blot your charms  
 With their dun hue. Yes, thou shalt search for  
 flow'rs,  
 Yet shall they be the loveliest of the spring ;  
 Flow'rs, that entangling in thine auburn hair,  
 Or blushing 'mid the whiteness of thy bosom,  
 May, to the power of every native grace,  
 Give double life and lustre. Haste, my child,  
 Array thyself in thy most gorgeous garb,

And

And see each jewel, which my Love procur'd thee,  
 Dart its full radiance. More than all, put on  
 The nobler ornament of winning smiles,  
 And kind inviting glances.

## E L F R I D A.

Never, never;  
 When this true heart renounces A<sup>TH</sup>ELWOLD,  
 May equitable heav'n—

## O R G A R.

Away with vows,  
 And with a duteous, and attentive Ear,  
 Listen to my persuasions. Much I wish  
 Persuasions might prevail, that, not compell'd  
 To use a father's just prerogative,  
 My will may meet with thy unforc'd obedience.  
 Follow me, on thy duty.

## E L F R I D A.

Cruel Father,  
 That duty shall obey you; I will follow:  
 Yet dread as is that frown, dreadful as death,  
 It shall not shake the tenor of my faith;  
 Living or dead I still am A<sup>TH</sup>ELWOLD's.

[*Exeunt Orgar and Elfrida.*]

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Horror! Horror!  
 The Pen of Fate, dipt in its deepest gall,  
 Perhaps on that ill-omen'd wall,  
 Now writes th'event of this tremendous day.  
 O! that our weaker sight  
 Could read the mystic characters, and spy  
 What to the unpurg'd, mortal Eye,  
 Is hid in endless Night.

S E M I-

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Suspense ! thou frozen guest, be gone.  
 The wretch, whose rugged bed  
 Is spread on thorns, more softly rests his head,  
 Than he that sinks amid the cycnet's down,  
 If thou, tormenting fiend, be nigh,  
 To prompt his starting tear, his ceaseless sigh,  
 His wish, his prayer, his vow for ling'ring certainty.

## C H O R U S.

But hark ! that certainty arrives. Methought  
 I heard the winding horn. I did not err ;  
 The King is near at hand. This quick approach  
 Will sure prevent this proud Earl's cruel purpose.  
 Yet what of that ? Does her fair form require  
 The blazon of rich vesture ? Genuine beauty  
 Nor asks, nor needs it : Negligence alone  
 Is its bright diadem, and artless ease  
 Its robe of Tyrian tincture. Say, my Sisters,  
 Shall we salute this monarch with a hymn  
 Of Festival and Joy ! Alas, such joy  
 Ill suits our trembling hearts, and weeping eyes.  
 And now 'twere vain ; for see, the King approaches.

EDGAR, ATHELWOLD, CHORUS,  
 E D G A R.

No, *Atbelwold* ; not from a partial blindness,  
 Or for the mode and guise of Courtesy,  
 Are we thus large in praise ; in our true judgment,  
 This Castle is not more kind Nature's debtor  
 For its delicious site, than 'tis to thee  
 For this so goodly structure. From its base,  
 Ev'n to yon turret's trim, and taper spires,  
 All is of choicest Masonry. Each part

Doth

Doth boast a separate grace ; but Ornament,  
 Tho' here the richest that the eye can note,  
 Is us'd, not lavish'd ; Art seems generous here,  
 Yet not a prodigal. But ah ! my Earl, [*seeing the*  
*Chorus.*

What living charms are here ? Thy castle's beauty  
 Must not detain me from this lovelier prospect.  
 Your pardon, fair Ones, that my wayward Eye  
 Paid not at first, where first was surely due,  
 Its homage to your Graces.

A T H E L W O L D.

Heav'n's ! they weep.

What may this mean ? Some dread and unseen chance  
 Has counter-work'd my safety.

E D G A R.

Whence this silence ;

Why are your lovely heads thus bow'd with sadness ?  
 Beshray my heart, my Lord, but this is strange.  
 I know thee, Earl, and know thy gentleness,  
 More prone t'obey, than lord it o'er the sex ;  
 Else should I guess this sorrow had its rise  
 From some discourteous treatment.

C H O R U S.

No, dread Sov'reign ;

He is the noblest, gentlest, best of masters ;  
 And may your Love reward —

ORGAR, ATHELWOLD, EDGAR, CHORUS.

A T H E L W O L D.

Death to my hopes !

ORGAR.

## O R G A R.

Yes, Villain, start ; but let this vengeful arm  
 Arrest thy baseness ; would to heav'n its strength,  
 Thus grasping thee, could open thy false breast,  
 And bare thy heart to the sham'd eye of Day.

## E D G A R.

Patience, hot Man. What art thou ?

## O R G A R.

Earl of Devon !

Pardon me, Prince ; that this my honest rage  
 O'er leaps obedient duty. I am wrong'd,  
 Yet that's but small ; for know much-injur'd Prince,  
 Thy wrongs as well as mine both call for justice.  
 Yes, Sir, I here, on a true subject's oath,  
 Proclaim Earl Athelwold a faithless traitor.

## E D G A R.

Ha ! what is this ? Renounce the word, old Earl ;  
 Thy length of years hath forc'd thee, sure, to press  
 The verge of dotage. Athelwold ! what Athelwold  
 A faithless traitor ! Perish the suspicion.  
 Never before did word, or thought, or look,  
 Give doubt of his distinguish'd loyalty.  
 Dotage alone could frame the accusation.

## O R G A R.

I do not dote, thank Heav'n, my faculties  
 Are yet my own, unblemish'd and unhurt.  
 Would so my Daughter were !

## E D G A R. TA.

What is his drift ?

## A T H E L W O L D.

Better, my royal Lord, you mark'd him not ;  
 The wayward Earl is —

## O R G A R.

O R G A R.

What, audacious Villain!

I will be heard.

E D G A R.

Go too, thou choleric Lord!

O R G A R.

When thou hast heard me, *Edgar*, call me choleric.

E D G A R.

Speak then, and briefly.

O R G A R.

Once, my sacred Liege,

I had a daughter, duteous as e'er crown'd  
A Father's wish, and lovely as could warm  
A youth to am'rous transports. This, my Lord,  
You learnt long since from noble *Ardulph*'s praises,  
And fir'd with his description, sent this Earl,  
This faithful Earl, t'invite her to your throne.

E D G A R.

No, *Orgar*, not t'invite her to our throne,  
Simply to note her beauty was his errand.

O R G A R.

Yes, he did note it, stampt it for his own.  
But why this parley? Enter, Sir, these gates,  
And let *Elfrida*'s features be the book,  
Where you may read the story of his falsehood,  
Ev'n on the instant.

E D G A R.

Noble Lord, lead on

We'll follow to the trial. I will humour  
The Earl's hot temper. He has heard, my friend,

F

We

We meant t'exalt his daughter, and for that  
 His partial fondness, link'd with his ambition,  
 Levels this rage at thee. Attend us, Lords.

[*Exeunt Edgar, Orgar, &c.*]

**C H O R U S. A T H E L W O L D.**

**C H O R U S.**

My Lord, the King is enter'd: stand not thus  
 In mute and fixt distress.

**A T H E L W O L D.**

Away, away;

What! can a Man that thinks such thoughts as I do  
 Have pow'r of word or motion? speak to me;  
 Inform me all. What said she when I left her?  
 How came her Father hither? how did she  
 Greet his arrival? Say, was she compell'd,  
 Or did her free, and voluntary voice,  
 Tell all the story? Did she marshal him,  
 To this his deed of vengeance?

**C H O R U S.**

Dearest Master,

*Elfrida* told him not: his own deceit  
 Was his informer. Here the Earl arriv'd  
 Early at morn, in mean and pilgrim weeds,  
 All like an ancient, toil-worn traveller;  
 And with a tale told in such piteous strain,  
 Fraught with such sad and moving circumstance,  
 With woes so well dissembled; that our softness  
 Suffer'd him enter this close bow'r for rest,  
 Which he adapting to his prying purpose,  
 Thence learnt the secret. This our disobedience,  
 We own—

**A T H E L**

## A T H E L W O L D.

Was my perdition. Yet 'tis well ;  
 I blame ye not ; it was Heav'n's justice, Virgins ;  
 This brought him hither, this annull'd your faith.  
 I do not think, you purpos'd my destruction ;  
 But yet you have destroy'd me. O Elfrida,  
 And art thou faithful ? This my jealous eye  
 Thought it had markt some speck of change upon thee ;  
 Thought it had found, what might have made thy loss  
 Somewhat within endurance. 'Tis not so ;  
 And this thy purity but serves t' augment  
 The sum of my distractions. Meet me, Edgar,  
 With thy rais'd sword : be merciful and sudden —

[*Exit Atbelwold.*]

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

Say, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,  
 Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,  
 Here deign to take his hallow'd stand ;  
 Here wave his amber locks ; unfold  
 His pinions cloth'd with downy gold ;  
 Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand ?  
 And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known  
 Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,  
 Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne  
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,  
 Will not your train descend in radiant state,  
 To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of  
 Fate ?  
 'Tis silence all. No Son of Light  
 Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height ;

No train of radiant Saints descend.

“ Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,

“ If guilt, if fraud has stain’d your mind,

“ Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend.”

So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound  
Burst from the centre of her burning throne :

Where aye she sits with star-wreath’d lustre  
crown’d :

A bright Sun clasps her adamantine zone.

So Truth proclaims : her awful voice I hear :  
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

“ Attend, ye Sons of Men ; attend, and say,”  
Does not enough of my resplendent ray  
Break thro’ the veil of your mortality !  
Say, does not reason in this form descry  
Unnumber’d, nameless glories that surpass  
The Angel’s floating pomp, the Seraph’s glowing  
grace ?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie  
With me ? Shall she, whose brightest eye  
But emulates the diamond’s blaze,  
Whose cheek but mocks the peach’s bloom,  
Whose breath the hyacinth’s perfume,  
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark’s lays,  
Shall she be deem’d my rival ? Shall a form  
Of elemental dross, of mould’ring clay,  
Vie with these charms imperial ? The poor worm  
Shall prove her contest vain. Life’s little day  
Shall pass, and she is gone : while I appear  
Flush’d with the bloom of youth thro’ Heav’n’s eter-  
nal year.

Know,

Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,  
 Ere first these orbs in æther hung,  
 I shone amid the heav'ly throng.  
 These eyes beheld Creation's day,  
 This voice began the choral lay,  
 And taught Archangels their triumphant song.  
 Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,  
 Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,  
 Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,  
 And Ocean heave on his extended bed ;  
 Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,  
 The tawny Lion stalk, the rapid Eagle fly.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,  
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,  
 And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,  
 " That I alone of all the host of heav'n,  
 " Should reign Protectress of the godlike Youth."  
 Thus the Almighty spake : he spake and call'd me  
 Truth.

ATHELWOLD, EDWIN, CHORUS.

ATHELWOLD.

Banish me ! No. I'll die. For why should Life  
 Remain a lonely lodger in that breast  
 Which Honor leaves deserted ? Idle breath !  
 Thou canst not fill such vacancy. Be gone.  
 This sword shall free —

CHORUS.

O shame to Fortitude !

Shame to that manly passion, which inspires  
 Its vigorous warmth, when the bleak blasts of Fate  
 Would chill the soul. O call the ready virtue

Quick to thy aid, for she is ever near thee ;  
Is ever prompt to spread her sevenfold shield  
O'er noble breasts.

## A T H E L W O L D.

And but o'er noble breasts ;  
Not o'er the breast which livid Infamy  
Indelibly has spotted. O shame, shame.  
Sword, rid me of the thought.

## C H O R U S.

Forbear, forbear ;  
Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms  
The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth  
Unlicenc'd to Eternity. Think, think ;  
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.  
The race of Man is one vast marshall'd army,  
Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of Time,  
Their leader the Almighty. In that march  
Ah who may quit his post ? when high in Air  
The chos'n Archangel rides, whose right hand weilds  
Th'imperial standard of heav'n's providence,  
Which, dreadly sweeping thro' the vaulted sky,  
O'ershadows all creation.

## A T H E L W O L D.

I was once—

Yes, I was once (I have his royal word for't)  
A man of such try'd faith, such steddy honor,  
As mock'd all doubt and scruple.—What a change !  
Now must that unstain'd, virgin character,  
Be doom'd to gross and hourly prostitution,  
Sating the lust of slander ; and my wife,  
My chaste *Elfrida* ! O distraction, no,  
I'll fly to save her.

E D W I N.

E D W I N.

Stay, my dearest Master ;  
 You rush on instant death.

A T H E L W O L D.

I mean it, slave,  
 And would'st thou hinder me ?

E D W I N.

Yes, Sir, I hold  
 'Tis duty to my king, and love to you,  
 Thus to oppose your entrance.

A T H E L W O L D.

What, thou traitor !

Thy pardon, *Edwin*, I forgot myself ;  
 Forgot, that I stood here a banish'd Man ;  
 And that this gate was shut against its Master.  
 And yet this gate leads to my dear *Elfrida* ;  
 Can it be barr'd to me ? O Earth, cold Earth,  
 Upon whose breast I cast this load of mis'ry,  
 Bear it awhile ; and you, ye aged Oaks,  
 Ye venerable Fathers of this wood,  
 Who oft have cool'd beneath your arching shades  
 My humble ancestors, oft seen them hie  
 To your spread umbrage, from yon sultry field,  
 Their scene of honest labour, shade, ah ! shade,  
 The last, the wretchedest of all their race.  
 I will not long pollute ye ; for I mean  
 To pay beneath your consecrated gloom  
 A sacrifice to honor, and the ghosts  
 Of those progenitors, who sternly frown  
 On me their base descendant.

## E D W I N.

See, ye Virgins,  
How Horror shades his brow ; how fixt his eye ;  
Heav'ns ! what despair —

## C H O R U S.

EDWIN, 'tis ever thus  
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly ;  
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless Conscience  
Pours more of Gall into the bitter cup  
Of their severe repentance.

## A T H E L W O L D.

'Tis resolv'd :  
I'll enter and demand a second audience.  
And yet how vain ! Ere I can reach his ear,  
His ready train will stop me, and, with all  
The cruel punctuality of office,  
So prompt to act 'gainst fallen favourites,  
Dismiss me with reproof. — Surely I heard her.  
Was't not *Elfrida*'s voice ? 'Tis she herself.

ELFRIDA, EDGAR, ATHELWOLD,  
ORGAR, CHORUS.

## ELFRIDA.

No, I will once more clasp him to my bosom.  
I will not be withheld. I will o'ertake him.  
Will go with him to exile. Hah, my Husband !  
So quickly found ? They thought to tear me from  
thee ;  
But we will part no more.

## E D G A R.

Take heed, *Elfrida*,  
This ill-tim'd fondness may recall the fate

I just

I just now freed him from ; who loves like me  
Can ill brook this. Or quit him, or he dies.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Yes, let me die ! Death is my dearest wish.  
Quit me, *Elfrida* ! leave me to my fate.  
'Tis just, 'tis just. Thus to my sov'reign's sword  
Freely I bare my breast. Strike, injur'd Prince ;  
But do not banish me.

## E L F R I D A.

What, *Athelwold*,  
Is then the life, on whose dear preservation  
*Elfrida*'s peace depends, not worth the saving ?  
Die then. But ere thy murd'rer strikes the stroke,  
Let me inform him, that his act destroys  
No single life.

## E D G A R.

By heav'n she loves the traitor  
Beyond all hope of change—

## E L F R I D A.

No, *Athelwold*,  
Thou shalt not die. That pause in royal *Edgar*  
Bespeaks forgiveness. He will soon relent ;  
And mercy, flowing from his gracious tongue,  
Seal thy full pardon. Let us kneel, my Lord ;  
Seize the important moment ; kneel together ;  
And, as these streaming eyes and lifted hands  
Employ each act of silent supplication,  
Do thou recount—Ah ! no, thy modest tongue  
Could never tell ev'n half the gallant story.  
Be silent then. Let *Edgar*'s self reflect ;

For well I know his Mem'ry writes thy Virtues  
 Upon its fairest page. Yes, let him weigh  
 All thy past deeds of loyalty and faith,  
 'Gainst this so light a fault.

## E D G A R.

So light a fault !

Had he dislodg'd my richest cofferd' treasures,  
 Dispers'd sedition's poison 'mid my troops,  
 Or aim'd with daring and rebellious hand  
 To snatch these regal honours from my brow,  
 I sooner could have pardon'd.

## A T H E L W O L D.

Cease, *Elfrida*,

My doom is just — Yes, royal Sir, I go  
 To banishment. I do deserve to breathe,  
 Deserve to bear this load of life about me,  
 For many years ; to lengthen out my age,  
 List'ning the hourly knell of curst remembrance,  
 Whose leaden stroke shall tell to my sad soul  
 That I was faithful once.

## E L F R I D A.

O flinty *Edgar*,

What ! will this penitence not move thee ? Know  
 There is a rose-lip'd Seraph fits on high,  
 Who ever bends his holy ear to earth  
 To mark the voice of Penitence, to catch  
 Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,  
 And echo them in harmonies divine  
 Up to the throne of Grace. Ev'n Heav'n is won  
 By Penitence, and shall Heav'n's substitute,  
 Shall *Edgar* scorn —

E D G A R.

## E D G A R.

Cease, cease, thou beauteous p'leader !  
 Ah far too beauteous ! Wouldst thou gain thy suit,  
 Why glows that vermeil lip ? why rolls that eye  
 Bright as the ray of Morn ? Why in each gesture  
 Such inexpressive graces, but because  
 They're native all, and will not be conceal'd ?  
 Else sure each charm betrays him, and becomes  
 An advocate, whose silent eloquence  
 Pleads 'gainst thy voice, and foils its tuneful power.  
 Traitor ! was this the face which thy false tongue  
 Profan'd as vulgar ? This such common beauty  
 As the fair eye of Day beheld each hour  
 In ev'ry clime he lighted ? Base dissembler,  
 This instant quit our realm.

## E L F R I D A.

O stay thee, *Edgar*,  
 And once more hear me. At thy feet I fall  
 As earnest, and distrest a suppliant,  
 As e'er embrac'd the knees of Majesty.  
 O spare thy Country's guardian, *Edgar*, spare  
 Thy closest, surest friend. Let not one fault,  
 Cancel his thousand, thousand acts of faith.  
 Alas ! I fall to vainest repetition.  
 Grief, whelming grief drowns all my faculties,  
 And leaves me nought but tears.

## E D G A R.

Rise, rise, *Elfrida*.

## E L F R I D A.

Shall he then live ?

EDGAR.

## E D G A R.

He shall, he shall, my fair.  
 If so he quit the realm within the space  
 Our sentence limited.

## E L F R I D A.

O stop not there;  
 That sentence will be death to *Atbelwold*.  
 Think, for thou know'st full well his gentle nature,  
 Can he support the rigour of this doom?  
 Can he, who liv'd but in thy gracious smiles,  
 Who'd pine, if chance those smiles a single hour  
 Were dealt him thriftily; think, can he bear  
 The infamy of exile?

## E D G A R.

Hear me, *Atbelwold*.  
 Did I not shov'r on thy much-favour'd head  
 My thickest honours, and with gift so ready  
 As out-run all request? Did I not hold thee  
 Still in such open confidence of friendship,  
 Such love as—

## A T H E L W O L D.

Sooner stab me than repeat it.

## E D G A R.

Yet give me hearing. I repeat not this  
 To taunt or gall thee. On my soul thy worth  
 Did o'er-top all those honours, and thy zeal  
 Kept pace with my best love. Nor 'till this deed—  
 But such a deed! look there, look on that face.  
 Thou know'st me, *Atbelwold*, hast seen me gaze  
 On a soft yielding fair one, 'till mine eye

Shot flames. Perdition seize me, if this heart  
Knew Love 'till now.

## A T H E L W O L D.

I see it plain, my Liege,  
Nor say I aught to lessen my Offence.  
No, here I kneel, Oh ! cast but on my mis'ry  
One kind forgiving glance ; this ready sword  
Shall expiate all.

## E L F R I D A.

Ah ! will you ? must he die ?

## E D G A R.

No, stay thee, *Athelwold*, and sheath thy sword ;  
I never yet (save but this hour of rage)  
Deem'd thee my subject. Thou wert still my friend ;  
And, injur'd as I am, thou still art such :  
I do forego the word ; to banish thee  
Or seal thy death, transcends a friend's just right.

## E L F R I D A.

Ah generous deed ! ah godlike goodness ! Virgins,  
The king will pardon him. Wake each high note  
Of praise, and gratitude, teach *Edgar's* name  
To Harewood's furthest Echo. O my Sov'reign !  
What words can speak my thanks —

## E D G A R.

Nay, check these transports,  
Lest, if I see thee thus, my soul forget  
Its milder purpose. I will leave thee, Lady ;  
Yet first my lips must press this gentle hand,  
And breathe one soft sigh of no common fervor.  
Now on, my Lords — Fair wonder of thy sex,

Adieu.

Adieu. We'll straight into our realm of Mercia.  
 Yet first, as was our purpose, thro' this forest,  
 We'll chace the nimble Roebuck ; may the sport  
 More please us, than we hope. Earl *Atbelwold*,  
 Thou too must join our train. Follow us straight.

[Exit Edgar, &c.]

### A T H E L W O L D.

I do, my Liege. ELFRI DA, I have much  
 For thy lov'd ear, and have but one farewell  
 To tell it all—And yet—

### E L F R I D A.

Ah loiter not,  
 It may enrage. Farewel. Be sure, take heed  
 I come not in your talk ; avoid ev'n thinking ;  
 Check ev'n the sighs of absence. Haste, my Earl,  
 Oh haste thee, as thou lov'st thy constant wife.

[Exit *Atbelwold*.]

### O R G A R, E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

### O R G A R.

Thy constant wife ! ah, stain of all thy race,  
 Degen'rate Girl ! Henceforth be *Orgar* deem'd  
 Of soft, and dove-like temper, who could see  
 A child of his stoop to such vile abasement,  
 And yet forbore just wrath ; forbore to draw  
 That blood she had defil'd from her mean veins.  
 But sure thou art not mine ; some Elve or Faye  
 Did spirit away my babe, and by curst charms  
 Thee in her cradle plac'd. Nay hang not on me.  
 Dry, dry thy tears, they've done their office amply.  
*Edgar* has pardon'd him. No, by my Earldom,  
 I cannot think of majesty thus meanly.

He'll

He'll yet avenge it : What if chance he should not ?  
 That stops not me ; I have a heart, an arm,  
 A sword can do me justice.

## E L F R I D A.

Ah ! my Lord,  
 Are you still merciless ? Alas, I hop'd —

## O R G A R.

What could'st thou hope, *Elfrida* ? could'st thou  
 think  
 I e'er would pardon his vile perfidy,  
 Or thine ignoble softness ?

## E L F R I D A.

Dearest Father,  
 Frown not thus sternly on me. I would fain  
 Touch your relenting soul, fain win your heart  
 To fatherly forgiveness. For thro' life  
 I've oft had pleasing proof how that forgiveness  
 Stoop'd to my fond persuasion. But I fear  
 Persuasion now has left me. My sad thoughts  
 Are all on wing, all following *Atbelwold*,  
 Like unseen ministring spirits :—Pardon, Sir,  
 That frown shall check me, I'll not mention him ;  
 I will but plead for my own weakness, plead  
 For that soft sympathy of soul, which you  
 Deem base and servile. Base perhaps it might be,  
 Were I of bolder sex. But I, alas ! —  
 Ah pardon me, if Nature stampt me Woman ;  
 Gave me a heart soft, gentle, prone to pity,  
 And very fearful. Fearful, sure with cause  
 At this dread hour, when if one hapless word,  
 One sigh break forth unbid, it may rekindle

The Monarch's rage—What has my phrenzy said?  
 I've wander'd from my meaning. Dearest Virgins,  
 My rash tongue more inflames him. O assist me,  
 Ye are not thus opprest with inward horror:  
 Kneel, plead, persuade, convince—

## C H O R U S.

Alas, my mistress,  
 What may a servant's accents do t'appease  
 This furious Earl?

## O R G A R.

Ye well may spare them: Maidens,  
 Know my firm soul's resolv'd, and be my heart  
 As base as *Athelwold's*, if it foregoes  
 The honest resolution. Think what I,  
 What Britain suffers from this traitor's fraud:  
 Had *Edgar* took my daughter to his bed,  
 Our British Line, which now is doom'd to sink  
 In vile subjection, had again assum'd  
 The pall of royalty, with half its power,  
 In time perchance the whole. But this false Saxon  
 Shall with his life repay me. Here I'll wait  
 His first return, and in his own domain  
 Give him fair combat. I have known the time  
 When this good arm had hardihood enough  
 For thrice his prowess. What is lost thro' age,  
 My just cause shall supply; and he shall fall  
 As did the traitor *Oswald*, whose bold tongue  
 Defam'd me to King *Athelstan*: To the ground  
 My sharp launce nail'd the caitiff.

[Exit Ogar.]

E L F R I D A,

## ELFRIDA, CHORUS.

## ELFRIDA.

Think, my Lord,  
 Will *Atbelwold*, will he enter those lists,  
 Where conquest would be parricide? Alas,  
 He hears me not. Go, thou obdurate Man.  
 A daughter's tears will but the more provoke thee.  
 I will not follow him. No, poor *Elfrida*!  
 All thou canst do is here to stand, and weep,  
 And feel that thou art wretched.

## CHORUS.

Dearest Mistress,  
 Restrain this flood of tears, perhaps——

## ELFRIDA.

Perhaps!  
 Ah! mock me not with hopes.

## CHORUS.

We do not mean it.  
 For Hope, tho' 'tis pale sorrow's only cordial,  
 Has yet a dull and opiate quality,  
 Enfeebling what it lulls. It suits not you;  
 For, as we fear——

## ELFRIDA.

Do you too fear? Alas!  
 I flatter'd my poor soul that all its Fears  
 Were Grief's distemper'd coinage, that my Love  
 Rais'd causeless apprehensions, and at length  
*Edgar* would quite forgive. I do bethink me,  
 My joy broke forth too rashly. When they left us,

His

His safety was not half secur'd ; my pleading  
 Was not half heard ; I should have follow'd *Edgar*,  
 Claim'd more full pardon, forc'd him to embrace  
 My sorrowing Lord.

## C H O R U S.

We fear that sorrow more  
 Than *Edgar's* rage. We fear his fallen Virtue.  
 Self-condemnation works most strongly on him,  
 Ev'n to Despondency. Ev'n at his pardon,  
 No joy flush'd on his cheek ; we mark'd him well,  
 He shew'd no sign of welcome. No, he took it  
 As who should say, " To give me aught but Death  
 " Is a poor boon unwish'd and unaccepted."  
 Too much we fear he'll do some impious Act —

## E L F R I D A.

What, on his life ? I thought I had explor'd  
 Each various face of danger : this escap'd me.  
 How miss'd I this ? It suits his courage highly ;  
 Suits to his fix'd remorse — But yet he will not,  
 No, *Athelwold*, thou wilt not kill *Elfrida*.

## C H O R U S.

O may his love preserve him : may these shades  
 Receive him soon in peace. To this blest end  
 You sure should strive to calm your Father's rage ;  
 At least not suffer him, as now, retir'd  
 To brook o'er his revenge. For know, *Elfrida*,  
 Beneath the silent gloom of Solitude  
 Tho' Peace can sit and smile ; tho' meek Content  
 Can keep the cheerful tenor of her soul,  
 Ev'n in the loneliest shades ; yet let not Wrath

Approach,

Approach, let black revenge keep far aloof,  
Or soon they flame to Madness.

## E L F R I D A.

True, my Virgins ;  
Attend me then : I'll try each winning art :  
Tho' ill such art becomes me, yet I'll aim it. —  
Hark—whence that noise ? I heard some hasty foot-  
steps.

## C H O R U S.

O Heavens ! 'tis *Edwin*.

E L F R I D A, E D W I N, C H O R U S.

## E L F R I D A.

*Edwin*, ah ! that look  
Bespeaks too well the horror of thy errand.  
Tell it me all.

## E D W I N.

Alas ! —

## E L F R I D A.

Nay, do not pause.  
Tell it me all. I think it will not kill me.  
Repeat each circumstance. I'm ready, *Edwin*,  
Ev'n for the worst.

## E D W I N.

Then hear that worst, *Elfrida*.  
Soon as the stag had left yon westward thicket,  
The King dismiss'd his Lords, each sev'ral ways,  
To their best sport, bidding Earl *Athelwold*,  
Lord *Ardulph*, and myself, attend his person.  
Thus parted from the rest, the Monarch pierc'd  
A darkling dell, which opened in a Lawn

Thick

Thick set with elm around. Suddenly here  
He turn'd his steed, and cry'd, " This place befits  
Our purpose well."

## E L F R I D A.

Purpose! what purpose, *Edwin*?  
'Twas predetermin'd then, dissembling tyrant!  
How could I trust, or hope——

## E D W I N.

Yet give me hearing:  
Thus with a grave composure, and calm eye,  
King *Edgar* spake. Now hear me, *Athelwold*;  
Thy King has pardon'd this thy trait'rous act:  
From all disloyal baseness to thy prince  
Thou stand'st absolv'd; yet, know, there still remains  
Somewhat to cancel more. As man to man,  
As friend to friend, now, *Athelwold* I call thee  
Straight to defend thy life with thy good sword.  
Nay, answer not; defend it gallantly.  
If thy arm prosper, this my dying tongue  
Shall pardon thee, and bless thee. If thou fall'st,  
Thy parting breath must to my right resign  
*Elfrida*'s beauties. At the word, both drew,  
Both fought; but *Athelwold*'s was ill play'd passion.  
He aim'd his falchion at the Monarch's head,  
Only to leave his own brave breast defenceless.  
And on the instant *Edgar*'s rapid sword  
Pierc'd my dear master's heart. He fell to earth,  
And falling cry'd, " This wound atones for all.  
" *Edgar*, thus full aveng'd, will pardon me,  
" And my true wife with chaste, connubial tears,  
" Embalm my memory." He smil'd, and dy'd.

## E L F R I D A.

## E L F R I D A.

Nay, come not round me, Virgins, nor support me,  
 I do not swoon, nor weep. I call not heav'n  
 T'avenge my wretchedness. I do not wish  
 This tyrant's hand may wither with cold palfies.  
 No, I am very patient. Heav'n is just !  
 And, when the measure of his crimes is full,  
 Will bare its red right arm, and launce its lightnings,  
 'Till then, ye elements, rest : and thou firm Earth,  
 Ope not thy yawning jaws, but let this Monster  
 Stalk his due time on thine affrighted surface.  
 Yes, let him still go on ; still execute  
 His savage purposes, and daily make  
 More widows weep, as I do. Foolish Eyes !  
 Why flow ye thus unbidden ? What have tears  
 To do with grief like mine ?

## C H O R U S.

Help, help, my Sisters,  
 To bear her to the castle.

ORGAR, ELFRIIDA, EDWIN, CHORUS.

## O R G A R.

As I past,  
 Methought I heard a sound of loud lament ;  
*Elfrida, ah !*

## E L F R I D A.

Is not my father there ?  
 Withhold me not ; I'll fall at his dear feet.  
 O Sir ! behold your child thus lowly prostrate ;  
 Avenge her wrongs, avenge your poor *Elfrida*,  
 Your helpless, widow'd Daughter.

O R G A R.

O R G A R.

Widow'd Daughter !

What is he slain ?

E L F R I D A.

Inhospitably butcher'd ;

The Tyrant's savage self—Stand you thus cool ?  
 Where is the British spirit, where the fire  
 Of Belin's race ?—O foolishness of grief !  
 Alas, I had forgot ; had *Edgar* spar'd him,  
 That sword, to which my madness call'd for vengeance,  
 Ere long was meant to do the bloody deed,  
 And make the murder parricide. Have I  
 No friend to do me right ?

O R G A R.

Thou hast, my Child ;

I am thy friend, thy father. Trust my care.  
*Edwin*, a word. Retire, my dearest Daughter :  
 Virgins, conduct her in.

E L F R I D A.

My Father, No.

What do you do ? I must not be withheld.  
 I'll to yon bloody grove, and clasp my Husband,  
 My murder'd Husband. Why restrain me, Sir ?  
 Can my sad eye dart fire thro' his cold breast,  
 And light up life anew ?

O R G A R.

Go in, my child,

And seek Tranquillity.

E L F R I D A.

Tranquillity !

I know her well ; she is Death's pale-ey'd sister ;

She's

She's now in yonder grove closing the lids  
Of my poor *Athelwold*. That office done,  
She'll bear his soul upon her gentle plumes  
Up to the realms of Joy. I'll follow them :  
I know he'd have it so : He'll not be blest,  
Ev'n on his throne of bliss, till I am with him.

## C H O R U S.

This way, my dearest Mistress.

## E L F R I D A.

Hold, nay hold ;  
Croud not around me. Let me pause awhile.  
*Albina*, thou alone shalt join my mis'ry ;  
I've much to utter to thy friendly ear.  
Lead on, thou gentle maid ; thy single arm  
Shall prop my trembling frame ; thy single voice  
Speak peace to my afflictions.

[Exit with the principal Virgin.

## ORGAR, EDWIN, SEMICORUS.

## O R G A R.

On your lives,  
Virgins, let no disturbing step approach her.  
Say, *Edwin* (for I guess 'twas you that brought  
These tidings hither) where was royal *Edgar*,  
When late you left him ?

## E D W I N.

At my master's side

Repentant of the stroke.

## O R G A R.

Comes he not back

To Harewood ?

S E M I -

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Heav'n forbid! *Elfrida's* brain  
Would madden at the sight.

## O R G A R.

Mistake not, Virgins;  
I did not mean at this distressful hour  
The King should see my daughter.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

No, for pity,  
Do not profane this sabbath of her grief.  
O be her sorrow sacred!

## O R G A R.

Fear not, Virgins;  
Her peace is my best care, and, to ensure it,  
I'll haste this instant, by young *Edwin's* guidance  
To find the Monarch. Some four miles from Hare-  
wood

Stands old *Egbert's* castle, my fast friend.  
With him will I persuade the King to sojourn,  
'Till my child's grief abate; that too to speed  
Be it your busines, Virgins. Watching ever  
Each happy interval, when your soft tongues  
May hint his praises, 'till by practice won  
She bear their fuller blazon. *Elfrid's* welfare  
Requires this friendly office at your hands;  
And *Edgar's* virtues bear such genuine lustre,  
That Truth itself directs—

[Exit Orgar]

## S E M I C H O R U S.

As Truth directs,  
So only shall we act. This day has shewn  
What

What dire effects await its violation.

Straight is the road of Truth, and plain;  
And, tho' across the sacred way  
Ten thousand erring footsteps stray,  
'Tis ours to walk direct,  
And, with sage caution circumspect,  
Pace slowly through the solemn scene.

[*The principal Virgin returns.*]

S E M I C H O R U S.

Has *Orgar* left the grove?

S E M I C H O R U S.

He has, my sister.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Then hear, and aid *Elfrida's* last resolve,  
Who takes the only way stern Fate has left  
To save her plighted faith for ever pure  
To her dead *Athelwold*.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Forbid it, Patience;

Forbid it, that submissive calm of soul,  
Which teaches meek-ey'd Piety to smile  
Beneath the scourge of Heav'n.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Ye need not fear it,

She means not self destruction. Thanks to heav'n,  
Huge and o'erbearing as her mis'ry is.  
It cannot so oblit'rate from her breast  
The written rule of duty. Her pure Soul  
Means, on the instant, to devote itself  
To heav'n and holiness. Assist her straight,  
Left *Edgar's* presence, and her Father's rage

Prevent the blest intention. See, she comes.  
 Kneel on each side, devoutly kneel around her ;  
 And breathe some pray'r in high and solemn strains,  
 That Angels from their thrones of light may hear,  
 And ratify her vow.

## E L F R I D A, C H O R U S.

[*Elfrida kneels, and the Virgins divide into two Troops.*]

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Hear, Angels, hear,  
 Hear from these nether thrones of Light ;  
 And O ! in golden characters record  
 Each firm, immutable, immortal word.  
 Then wing your solemn flight  
 Up to the heav'n of heav'n's, and there  
 Hang the conspicuous tablet high,  
 'Mid the dread records of Eternity.

## E L F R I D A.

Hear first, that *Atelwold's* sad widow swears  
 To rear a hallow'd Convent o'er the place,  
 Where stream'd his blood : there will she weep thro'

## Life

Immur'd with this chaste throng of Virgins ; there  
 Each day shall six times hear her full-voic'd Choir  
 Chaunt the slow requiem o'er her martyr'd Lord ;  
 There too, when Midnight lowers with awful gloom,  
 She'll rise observant of the stated call  
 Of waking Grief, bear the dim livid taper  
 Along the winding isles, and at the altar  
 Kiss ev'ry pale shrine with her trembling lips,  
 Press the cold stone with her bent knee, and call  
 On sainted *Atelwold*.

S E M I-

## S E M I C H O R U S

Hear, Angels, hear,

Hear from these nether thrones of Light ;  
 And O ! in golden characters record  
 Each firm, immutable, immortal word.  
 Then wing your solemn flight  
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, and there  
 Hang the conspicuous tablet high,  
 'Mid the dread records of Eternity.

## E L F R I D A.

Hear next, that *Atbelwold's* sad widow swears  
 Never to violate the holy vow  
 She to his truth first plighted ; swears to bear  
 The sober singleness of Widowhood  
 To her cold grave. If from this chaste resolve  
 She even in thought should swerve ; if gaudy pomp  
 Or flatt'ring greatness e'er should tempt one wish  
 To stray beyond this purpose ; may that heav'n,  
 Which hears this vow, punish its violation,  
 As heav'nly justice ought.

## C H O R U S.

Hear, Angels, hear,

Hear from these nether thrones of light ;  
 And O ! in golden characters record  
 Each firm, immutable, immortal word.  
 Then wing your solemn flight  
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns, and there  
 Hang the conspicuous tablet high,  
 Mid the dread records of Eternity.

C A R A C

## 2 E M A C H O R N A

and almost all

the members of the family

but one are now

dead, and the house is now

empty, and the family

is now scattered over the

country, and the house

is now empty, and the

family is now scattered

over the country, and the

house is now empty, and the

family is now scattered

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family is now scattered

# CARACTACUS:

Written on the MODEL

OF THE

ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY.

First published in the year 1759.

Nos munera Phœbo  
Misimus ; et lectas DRUIDVM de gente CHOREAS.  
MILTON.

## The A R G U M E N T.

CARACTACUS, King of the Silures, having been defeated by Ostorius, the Roman Præfect, his Queen taken prisoner, and his Son (as it is supposed) either slain or fled, retired with his only Daughter, and took sanctuary among the Druids in Mona. Ostorius, after the battle, leaving garrisons in the conquered country, marched to subdue the northern part of Britain, and led his troops to the frontiers of the Brigantes, then governed by Cartismandua. This Queen, dreading the victorious enemy, made a truce with him ; one of the conditions of which was, that she should assist the Romans in securing the British King, that he might be carried to Rome to grace the triumph of Claudio. She accordingly gave up her two Sons as Hostages, to be sent themselves to Rome, in case they did not seduce Caractacus from his Sanctuary, to which place they were to be accompanied by Aulus Didius, and a sufficient force, to effect that design.

The Drama opens on their arrival in the consecrated grove, a little before midnight, and about the time when the Druids, who form the Chorus, were preparing the ceremonial of Caractacus's admission into their order. The two Princes are seized as spies, and the incidents, consequent upon this, form what is called the Episode of the piece. The Exode, or Catastrophe, is prepared by the coming of Arviragus the King's son, who, having escaped with life in the late battle, had employed the intermediate time in privately collecting his Father's scatter'd forces, to put him again in a condition of facing the enemy. His bravery, in defending his Father and the Druids, occasions the Peripetia, or change of fortune ; and his death, with the final captivity of Caractacus, concludes the Tragedy.

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

**AULUS DIDIUS**, the Roman General.

**VELLINUS** } Sons of **CARTISMANDUA**.  
**ELIDURUS** }

\* **CHORUS**, of DRUIDS and BARDS.

**CARACTACUS**.

**EVELINA**, Daughter to **CARACTACUS**.

**ARVIRAGUS**, Son to **CARACTACUS**.

**SCENE, MONA.**

\* The Dramatic part of the Chorus is supposed to be chiefly spoken by the Principal Druid; the Lyrical part sung by the Bards.

# CARACTACUS,

## A

### DRAMATIC POEM.

AULUS DIDIUS, with Romans.

**T**HIS is the secret centre of the isle :  
 Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of  
 wonder  
 Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,  
 How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown  
 arms  
 Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark yon altar,  
 The dark stream brawling round its rugged base,  
 These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,  
 Skirted with unhewn stone : they awe my soul,  
 As if the very Genius of the place  
 Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread  
 Stalk'd through his drear domain. And yet, my friends,  
 (If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)  
 Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns  
 'Mid the lone majesty of untam'd nature,  
 Controuling sober reason ; tell me else,  
 Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition  
 O'ercome me thus ? I scorn them yet, they awe me  
 Call forth the British Princes : in this gloom  
 I mean to school them to our enterprize.

[Enter Vellinus and Elidurus.

## AULUS DIDIUS, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS.

Ye pledges dear of *Cartismandua's* faith,  
Approach! and to mine uninstructed ear  
Explain this scene of horror.

## ELIDURUS.

Daring Roman,  
Know that thou stand'st on consecrated ground :  
These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,  
Thus rang'd in mystic order, mark the place  
Where but at times of holiest festival  
The Druid leads his train.

## AULUS DIDIUS.

Where dwells the seer?

## VELLINUS.

In yonder shaggy cave ; on which the moon  
Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood  
Possess the neighb'ring cliffs.

## AULUS DIDIUS.

Yet up the hill

Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,  
Delv'd in the ridges of the craggy steep :  
And this way still another.

## ELIDURUS.

On the left

Reside the sages skill'd in Nature's lore :  
The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,  
Studiois they measure, save when meditation  
Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove  
Each hath its rank and function. Yonder grots  
Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly thence,

Rob'd

Rob'd in their flowing vests of innocent white,  
 Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,  
 Hymning immortal strains. The spirits of air,  
 Of earth, of water, nay of heav'n itself,  
 Do listen to their lay: and oft, 'tis said,  
 In visible shapes dance they a magic round  
 To the high minstrelsy. Now, if thine eye  
 Be sated with the view, haste to thy ships;  
 And ply thine oars; for, if the Druids learn  
 This bold intrusion, thou wilt find it hard  
 To foil their fury.

## A U L U S   D I D I U S .

Prince, I did not moor  
 My light-arm'd shallop on this dangerous strand  
 To sooth a fruitless curiosity:  
 I come in quest of proud *Caractacus*;  
 Who, when our veterans put his troops to flight,  
 Found refuge here.

## E L I D U R U S .

If here the Monarch rests,  
 Presumptuous Chief! thou might'st as well essay  
 To pluck him from yon stars: Earth's ample range  
 Contains no surer refuge: underneath  
 The soil we tread, a hundred secret paths,  
 Scoop'd thro' the living rock in winding maze,  
 Lead to as many caverns, dark, and deep:  
 In which the hoary sages act their rites  
 Mysterious, rites of such strange potency,  
 As, done in open day, would dim the sun,  
 Tho' thron'd in noon tide brightness. In such dens  
 He may for life lie hid.

## A U L U S

A U L U S . D I D I U S .

We know the task

Most difficult: yet has thy royal mother  
Furnish'd the means.

E L I D U R U S .

My mother say'st thou, Roman?

A U L U S . D I D I U S .

In proof of that firm faith she lends to Rome,  
She gave you up her honour's hostages.

E L I D U R U S .

Se did: and we submit.

A U L U S . D I D I U S .

To Rome we bear you;  
From your dear country bear you; from your joys,  
Your loves, your friendships, all your souls hold pre-  
cious.

E L I D U R U S .

And dost thou taunt us, Roman, with our fate?

A U L U S . D I D I U S .

No, Youth, by heav'n, I would avert that fate.  
Wish ye for liberty?

V E L L I N U S , E L I D U R U S .

More than for life.

A U L U S . D I D I U S .

And would do much to gain it?

V E L L I N U S .

Name the task.

A U L U S . D I D I U S .

The task is easy. Haste ye to these Druids:  
Tell them ye come, commission'd by your Queen,

To

To seek the great *Caractacus*; and call  
 His valour to her aid, against the Legions,  
 Which, led by our *Ostorius*, now assail  
 Her frontiers. The late treaty she has seal'd  
 Is yet unknown: and this her royal signet,  
 Which more to mask our purpose was obtain'd,  
 Shall be your pledge of faith. The eager king  
 Will gladly take the charge; and, he consenting,  
 What else remains, but to the Meinaï's shore  
 Ye lead his credulous step? there will we seize him:  
 Bear him to Rome, the substitute for you,  
 And give you back to freedom.

## VELLINUS.

If the Druids—

## AULUS DIDIUS.

If they, or he, prevent this artifice,  
 Then force must take its way: then flaming brands,  
 And biting axes, wielded by our soldiers,  
 Must level these thick shades, and so unlodge  
 The lurking savage.

## ELIDURUS.

Gods, shall Mona perish?

## AULUS DIDIUS.

Princes, her ev'ry trunk shall on the ground  
 Stretch its gigantic length; unless, ere dawn,  
 Ye lure this untam'd lion to our toils.  
 Go then, and prosper; I shall to the ships,  
 And there expect his coming. Youths, remember,  
 He must to Rome to grace great *Cæsar's* triumph:  
*Cæsar*, and Fate demand him at your hand.

[*Exeunt Aulus Didius and Romans.*]

ELI-

ELIDURUS, VELLINUS.

ELIDURUS.

And will heav'n suffer it? Will the just gods,  
 That tread yon spangled pavement o'er our heads,  
 Look from their sky and yield him? Will these  
 Druids,

Their sage vicegerents, not call down the thunder;  
 And will not instant its hot bolts be darted  
 In such a righteous cause? Yes, good old king,  
 Yes, last of Britons, thou art heav'n's own pledge;  
 And shalt be such till death.

VELLINUS.

What means my brother?  
 Dost thou refuse the charge?

ELIDURUS.

Dost thou accept it?

VELLINUS.

It gives us liberty.

ELIDURUS.

It makes us traitors.

Gods, would *Vellinus* do a deed of baseness?

VELLINUS.

Will *Elidurus* scorn the proffer'd boon  
 Of freedom?

ELIDURUS.

Yes, when such its guilty price,  
 Brother, I spurn it.

VEL-

VELLINUS.

Go then, foolish boy!

I'll do the deed myself.

ELIDURUS.

It shall not be:

I will proclaim the fraud.

VELLINUS.

Wilt thou! 'tis well.

Hie to yon cave; call loudly on the Druid;  
 And bid him drag to ignominious death  
 The partner of thy blood. Yet hope not thou  
 To 'scape; for thou didst join my impious steps:  
 Therefore his wrath shall curse thee: thou shalt live;  
 Yet shalt thou live an interdicted wretch,  
 All rights of nature cancell'd.

ELIDURUS.

O *Vellinus*!

Rend not my soul: by heav'n thou know'st I love  
 thee,  
 As fervently as brother e'er lov'd brother:  
 And, loving thee, I thought I lov'd mine honour.  
 Ah! do not wake, dear youth, in this true breast  
 So fierce a conflict.

VELLINUS.

Honour's voice commands

Thou should'st obey thy mother, and thy queen.  
 Honour and Holiness alike conspire  
 To bid thee save these consecrated groves  
 From Roman devastation.

ELIDURUS.

Horrid thought!

Hence

Hence let us haste, ev'n to the furthest nook  
Of this wide isle ; nor view the sacrilege.

## V E L L I N U S.

No, let us stay, and by our prosperous art  
Prevent the sacrilege. Mark me, my brother,  
More years and more experience have matur'd  
My sober thought ; I will convince thy youth,  
That this our deed has ev'ry honest sanction  
Cool reason may demand.

## E L I D U R U S.

To Rome with reason :

Try if 'twill bring her deluging ambition  
Into the level course of right and justice :  
Try if 'twill tame these insolent invaders ;  
Who thus, in savageness of conquest, claim  
Whom chance of war has spar'd. Do this, and  
prosper.

But, pray thee, do not reason from my soul  
It's inbred honesty : that holy flame,  
How'er eclips'd by Rome's black influence  
In vulgar minds, ought still to brighten ours.

## V E L L I N U S.

Vain talker, leave me.

## E L I D U R U S.

No, I will not leave thee :  
I must not, dare not, in these perilous shades.  
Think, if thy fraud should fail, these holy men,  
How will their justice rend thy trait'rous limbs ?  
If thou succeed'st, the fiercer pangs of conscience,  
How will they ever goad thy guilty soul ?  
Mercy, defend us ! see, the awful Druids

Are

Are issuing from their caves: hear'st thou yon signal?  
 Lo, on the instant all the mountain whitens  
 With slow-descending Bards. Retire, retire;  
 This is the hour of sacrifice: to stay  
 Is death.

## V. E. L. L. I. N. U. S.

I'll wait the closing of their rites  
 In yonder vale: do thou, as likes thee best,  
 Betray, or aid me.

## E. L. I. D. U. R. U. S.

To betray thee, youth,  
 That love forbids; honour, alas! to aid thee.

{Exeunt.

## Enter C. H. O. R. U. S.

## S. E. M. I. C. H. O. R. U. S.

Sleep and silence reign around;  
 Not a night-breeze wakes to blow;  
 Circle, sons, this holy ground;  
 Circle close, in triple row.  
 And, if mask'd in vapours drear,  
 Any earth-born Spirit dare  
 To hover round this sacred space,  
 Haste with light spells the murky foe to chace.  
 Lift your boughs of vervain blue,  
 Dipt in cold September dew;  
 And dash the moisture chaste, and clear,  
 O'er the ground, and thro' the air.  
 Now the place is purg'd and pure.  
 Brethren! say, for this high hour  
 Are the milk-white steers prepar'd?  
 Whose necks the rude yoke never scar'd,

Te

To the furrow yet unbroke ?  
For such must bleed beneath yon oak.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Druid, these, in order meet,  
Are all prepar'd.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

But tell me yet,  
*Cadwall!* did thy step profound  
Dive into the cavern deep,  
Twice twelve fathom under ground,  
Where our sage fore-fathers sleep ?  
Thence with reverence hast thou born,  
From the consecrated chest,  
The golden sickle, scrip, and vest,  
Whilom by old *Belinus* worn ?

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Druid, these, in order meet,  
Are all prepar'd.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

But tell me yet,  
From the grot of charms and spells,  
Where our matron sister dwells,  
*Brennus!* has thy holy hand  
Safely brought the druid wand ;  
And the potent adder-stone,  
Gender'd 'fore th' autumnal moon ?  
When, in undulating twine,  
The foaming snakes prolific join ;  
When they hiss, and when they bear  
Their wond'rous egg aloof in air ;  
Thence, before to earth it fall,  
The Druid, in his hallow'd pall,

Receives

Receives the prize ;  
 And instant flies,  
 Follow'd by th'envenom'd brood,  
 'Till he cross the crystal flood.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Druid, these, in order meet,  
 Are all prepar'd.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Then all's compleat.

And now let nine of this selected band,  
 Whose greener years befit such station best,  
 With wary circuit pace around the grove :  
 And guard each inlet ; watchful, left the eye  
 Of busy curiosity profane  
 Pry on our rites : which now must be as close  
 As done i' th' very central womb of earth.  
 Occasion claims it ; for *Caradacus*  
 This night demands admission to our train.  
 He, once our king, while ought his power avail'd  
 To save his country from the rod of tyrants,  
 That duty past, does wisely now retire  
 To end his days in secrecy and peace ;  
 Druid with Druids, in this chief of groves,  
 Ev'n in the heart of Mona. See, he comes !  
 How awful is his port ! mark him, my friends !  
 He looks, as doth the tower, whose nodding walls,  
 After the conflict of heav'n's angry bolts,  
 Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,  
 Ev'n in its prime of strength. Health to the king !

C A R A C.

## CARACTACUS, EVELINA, CHORUS.

## CARACTACUS.

This holy place, methinks, doth this night wear  
 More than its wonted gloom : Druid, these groves  
 Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,  
 Changing their dark dun-garbs to very sable,  
 In pity to their guest. Hail, hallow'd oaks !  
 Hail, British born ! who, last of British race,  
 Hold your primæval rights by nature's charter ;  
 Not at the nod of *Cæsar*. Happy foresters,  
 Ye wave your bold heads in the liberal air ;  
 Nor ask, for privilege, a prætor's edict.  
 Ye, with your tough and intertwined roots,  
 Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from ; and erect  
 In knotty hardihood, still proudly spread  
 Your leafy banners 'gainst the tyrannous north,  
 Who Roman like assails you. Tell me, Druid,  
 Is it not better to be such as these,  
 Than be the thing I am ?

## CHORUS.

To be the thing,  
 Eternal wisdom wills, is ever best.

## CARACTACUS.

But I am lost to that predestin'd use :  
 Eternal wisdom will'd, and fitly therefore  
 May wish a change of being. I was born  
 A King ; and Heav'n, who bade these warrior oaks  
 Lift their green shields against the fiery sun,  
 To fence their subject plain, did mean, that I  
 Should, with as firm an arm, protect my people  
 Against the pestilent glare of Rome's ambition.

I fail'd ;

I fail'd ; and how I fail'd, thou know'st too well ;  
 So does the babbling world : and therefore, Druid,  
 I would be any thing save what I am.

## C H O R U S.

See, to thy wish, the holy rites prepar'd,  
 Which, if heav'n frown not, consecrate thee Druid :  
 See to the altar's base the victims led,  
 From whose free-gushing blood ourself shall read  
 Its high behests ; which if assenting found,  
 These hands around thy chosen limbs shall wrap  
 The vest of sanctity ; while at the act  
 Yon white-rob'd bards, sweeping their solemn harps,  
 Shall lift their choral warblings to the skies,  
 And call the gods to witness. Mean while, Prince,  
 Bethink thee well, if ought on this vain earth  
 Still holds too firm an union with thy soul,  
 Estranging it from peace.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

I had a queen :  
 Bear with my weakness, Druid ! this tough breast  
 Must heave a sigh, for she is unreveng'd.  
 And can I taste true peace, she unreveng'd ?  
 So chaste, so lov'd a queen ? ah, *Evelina* !  
 Hang not thus weeping on the feeble arm  
 That could not save thy mother.

## E V E L I N A.

To hang thus  
 Softens the pang of grief ; and the sweet thought,  
 That a fond father still supports his child,  
 Sheds, on my pensive mind, such soothing balm,  
 As doth the blessing of these pious seers,

When

When most they wish our welfarē. Would to heav'n  
 A daughter's presence could as much avail,  
 To ease her father's woes, as his doth mine.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Ever most gentle ! come unto my bosom :  
 Dear pattern of the precious prize I lost,  
 Lost, so inglorious lost ; my friends, these eyes  
 Did see her torn from my defenceless camp ;  
 Whilst I, hemm'd round by squadrons, could not  
 save her :

My boy, still nearer to the darling pledge,  
 Beheld her shrieking in the ruffian's arm ;  
 Beheld, and fled.

## E V E L I N A.

Ah ! Sir, forbear to wound  
 My brother's fame ; he fled, but to recall  
 His scatter'd forces to pursue and save her.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Daughter, he fled. Now, by yon gracious moon,  
 That rising saw the deed, and instant hid  
 Her blushing face in twilight's dusky veil,  
 The flight was parricide.

## E V E L I N A.

Indeed, indeed,  
 I know him valiant ; and no doubt he fell  
 'Mid slaughter'd thousands of the haughty foe,  
 Victim to filial love. *Arviragus*,  
 Thou hadst no sister near the bloody field,  
 Whose sorrowing search, led by yon orb of night,  
 Might find thy body ; wash with tears thy wounds ;  
 And wipe them with her hair.

## C H O-

## C H O R U S.

Peace, virgin, peace :  
 Nor thou, sad prince, reply ; whate'er he is,  
 Be he a captive, fugitive, or corse,  
 He is what heav'n ordain'd : these holy groves  
 Permit no exclamation 'gainst heav'n's will  
 To violate their echoes : Patience, here,  
 Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,  
 In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye,  
 Ev'n to the storm that wrecks her.

## E V E L I N A.

Holy Druid,  
 If ought my erring tongue has said pollutes  
 This sacred place, I from my soul abjure it.  
 And will these lips bar with eternal silence,  
 Rather than speak a word, or act a deed  
 Unmeet for thy sage daughters ; blessing first  
 This hallow'd hour that takes me from the world,  
 And joins me to their sober sisterhood.

## C H O R U S.

'Tis wisely said. See, Prince, this prudent maid,  
 Now, while the ruddy flame of sparkling youth  
 Glows on her beauteous cheek, can quit the world  
 Without a sigh, whilst thou—

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Would save my queen  
 From a base ravisher ; would wish to plunge  
 This falchion in his breast, and so avenge  
 Insulted royalty. O holy men !  
 Ye are the sons of piety and peace ;  
 Ye never felt the sharp vindictive spur,

That

That goads the injur'd warrior ; the hot tide,  
 That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek  
 Of him, who burns for glory ; else indeed  
 Ye much would pity me : would curse the fate  
 That coops me here inactive in your groves,  
 Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty steel  
 Must never cleave one Roman helm again ;  
 Never avenge my queen, nor free my country.

## C H O R U S.

Tis heav'n's high will —

## C A R A C T A C U S.

I know it, reverend fathers !  
 'Tis heav'n's high will, that these poor aged eyes  
 Shall never more behold that virtuous woman,  
 To whom my youth was constant, 'twas heaven's  
 will  
 To take her from me at that very hour,  
 When best her love might sooth me ; that black hour,  
 [May memory ever raze it from her records]  
 When all my squadrons fled, and left their king  
 Old and defenceless : him, who nine whole years  
 Had taught them how to conquer : Yes, my friends,  
 For nine whole years against the sons of rapine  
 I led my veterans, oft to victory,  
 Never 'till then to shame. Bear with me, Druid,  
 I've done : begin the rites.

## C H O R U S.

O would to heav'n.  
 A frame of mind, more fitted to these rites,  
 Posset thee, Prince ! that Resignation meek,  
 That dove-ey'd Peace, handmaid of Sanctity,  
 Approach'd this altar with thee : 'stead of these,

See

See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguin'd Slaughter,  
 And mad Ambition, clinging to thy soul,  
 Eager to snatch thee back to their domain,  
 Back to a vain and miserable world;  
 Whose mis'ry and vanity, tho' try'd,  
 Thou still hold'st dearer than these solemn shades,  
 Where Quiet reigns with Virtue? Try we yet w<sup>ch</sup>  
 What Holiness can do! for much it can:  
 Much is the potency of pious prayer:  
 And much the sacred influence convey'd  
 By sage mysterious office: when the soul,  
 Snatch'd by the power of music from her cell  
 Of fleshly thraldom, feels herself upborn  
 On plumes of extacy, and boldly springs,  
 'Mid swelling harmonies and pealing hymns,  
 Up to the porch of heav'n. Strike, then, ye Bards!  
 Strike all your strings symphonious; wake a strain  
 May penetrate, may purge, may purify,  
 His yet unhallow'd bosom; call ye hither  
 The airy tribe, that on yon mountain dwell,  
 Ev'n on majestic Snowdon: they, who never  
 Deign visit mortal men, save on some cause  
 Of highest import, but, sublimely shrin'd  
 On its hoar top in domes of crystalline ice,  
 Hold converse with those spirits, that possess  
 The skies pure sapphire, nearest heav'n itself.

O D<sup>r</sup> E<sup>r</sup> <sup>o</sup> <sup>o</sup>  
 Mona on Snowdon calls:  
 Hear, thou King of mountains, hear:  
 Hark, she speaks from all her strings:  
 Hark, her loudest echo rings:  
 King of mountains, bend thine ear:

H

Sen

CHORUS

Send thy spirits, send them soon,  
 Now, when Midnight and the Moon  
 Meet upon thy front of snow :  
 See, their gold and ebon rod,  
 Where the sober sisters nod,  
 And greet in whispers sage and slow.  
 Snowdon mark! 'tis Magic's hour;  
 Now the mutter'd spell hath pow'r,  
 Pow'r to rend thy ribs of rock,  
 And burst thy base with thunder's shock;  
 But to thee no ruder spell  
 Shall Mona use, than those that dwell  
 In music's secret cells, and lie  
 Steep'd in the stream of harmony.  
 Snowden has heard the strain  
 Hark, amid the wond'ring grove  
 Other harpings answer clear,  
 Other voices meet our ear,  
 Pinions flutter, shadows move,  
 Busy murmurs hum around,  
 Rustling vestments brush the ground;  
 Round, and round, and round they go,  
 Thro' the twilight, thro' the shade,  
 Mount the oak's majestic head,  
 And gild the tufted mistletoe.  
 Cease, ye glittering race of light,  
 Close your wings, and check your flight.  
 Here arrang'd in order due,  
 Spread your robes of saffron hue;  
 For lo, with more than mortal fire,  
 Mighty *Mador* smites the lyre:  
 Hark he sweeps the master-strings;  
 Listen all——

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

Break off; a sullen smoak involves the altar;  
 The central oak doth shake; I hear the sound  
 Of steps profane: *Caradacus, retire;*  
 Bear hence the victims; Mona is polluted.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Father, as we did watch the eastern side,  
 We spied and instant seiz'd two stranger youths,  
 Who, in the bottom of a shadowy dell,  
 Held earnest converse: Britons do they seem,  
 And of Brigantian race.

## C H O R U S.

Haste, drag them hither.

## V E L L I N U S, E L I D U R U S, C H O R U S.

## E L I D U R U S.

O spare, ye sage and venerable Druids!  
 Your countrymen and sons.

## C H O R U S.

And are ye Britons?

Unheard of profanation: Rome herself,  
 Ev'n impious Rome, whom conquest makes more  
 impious,  
 Would not have dar'd so rashly. O! for words,  
 Big with the fiercest force of execration,  
 To blast the deed, and doers.

## E L I D U R U S.

Spare the curse,

Oh spare our youth!

## C H O R U S.

Is it not now the hour,  
 The holy hour, when to the cloudless height  
 Of yon starr'd concave climbs the full orb'd moon,  
 And to this nether world in solemn stillness  
 Gives sign, that to the list'ning ear of Heav'n  
 Religion's voice should plead ? The very babe  
 Knows this, and, chance awak'd, his little hands  
 Lifts to the gods, and on his innocent couch  
 Calls down a blessing. Shall your manly years  
 Plead ignorance and impiously presume  
 To tread, with vile unconsecrated feet,  
 On Mona's hallow'd plain ? know, wretches, know,  
 At any hour such boldness is a crime,  
 At this 'tis sacrilege

## V E L L I N U S.

Were Mona's plain  
 More hallow'd still, hallow'd as is Heav'n's self,  
 The cause might plead our pardon.

## E L I D U R U S.

Mighty Druid !  
 True we have rashly dar'd, yet forc'd by duty,  
 Our sov'reign's mandate —

## V E L L I N U S.

Elder by my birth,  
 Brother, I claim, in right of eldership,  
 To open our high embassy.

## C H O R U S.

Speak then ;  
 But see thy words answer in honest weight

To

To this proud prelude. Youth ! they must be  
    weighty,  
T'atone for such a crime.

## VELLINUS.

If then to give  
New nerves to vanquish'd valor ; if to do,  
What, with the blessing of the Gods, may save  
A bleeding country from oppression's sword,  
Be weighty business, known, on our commission,  
And on its hop'd success, that weight depends.

## CHORUS.

Declare it then at once, briefly and boldly.

## VELLINUS.

*Caractacus is here.*

## CHORUS.

Say'st thou, proud boy ?  
'Tis boldly said, and, grant 'twere truly said,  
Think'st thou he were not here from fraud or force  
As safe, as in a camp of conquerors ?  
Here, youth, he would be guarded by the Gods ;  
Their own high hostage ; and each sacred hair  
Of his selected head, would in these caverns  
Sleep with the unsunn'd silver of the mine,  
As precious and as safe ; record the time,  
When Mona e'er betray'd the hapless wretch,  
That made her groves his refuge.

## VELLINUS.

Holy Druid !

Think not so harshly of our enterprize.  
Can force, alas ! dwell in our unarm'd hands ?  
Can fraud in our young bosoms ? No, dread seer,

Our busines told, I trust thou'l soon disclaim  
 The vain suspicion; and thy holy ear  
 (Be brave *Caractacus* or here or absent)  
 Shall instant learn it. From the north we come;  
 The sons of her, whose heav'n-entrusted sway  
 Blesses the bold *Brigantes*; men who firmly  
 Have three long moons withstood those Roman  
 powers,

Which, led by fell *Ostorius*, still assail  
 Our frontiets: yet so oft have our stout swords  
 Repell'd their hot assault, that now, like falcons,  
 They hang suspended, loth to quit their prey,  
 Nor daring yet to seize it. Such the state  
 Of us and Rome; in which our prudent mother,  
 Revolving what might best secure her country  
 From this impending ruin, gave us charge  
 To seek the great *Caractacus*, and call  
 His valour to her aid, to lead her bands,  
 To fight the cause of liberty and Britain,  
 And quell these ravagers.

[*Caractacus* starts from bebind the altar.

CARACTACUS, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS,  
 C H O R U S.

C A R A C T A C U S.

And ye have found me;  
 Friends, ye have found me: lead me to your Queen,  
 And the last purple drop in these old veins  
 Shall fall for her and Britain.

C H O R U S.

Rash, rash Prince!

VELLINUS.

## VELLINUS.

Ye blest immortal powers! is this the man,  
The more than man, who for nine bloody years  
Withstood all Rome? He is; that warlike front,  
Seam'd o'er with honest scars proclaims he is:  
Kneel, brother, kneel, while in his royal hand  
We lodge the signet: this, in pledge of faith,  
Great *Cartismandua* sends, and with it tells thee  
She has a nobler pledge than this behind;  
Thy Queen—

## CARACTACUS.

Guideria!

## VELLINUS.

Safely with our Mother.

## CARACTACUS.

How, when, where rescu'd? mighty Gods, I  
thank ye,  
For it is true, this signet speaks it true.  
O tell me briefly.

## VELLINUS.

In a sally, Prince,

Which wanting abler chiefs, my gracious mother  
Committed to my charge, our troops assail'd  
One outwork of the camp; the mask of night  
Favour'd our arms, and there my happy hand  
Was doom'd with other prisoners to release  
The captive matron.

## CARACTACUS.

Let me clasp thee, youth,  
And thou shalt be my son: I had one, stranger,

Just of thy years ; he look'd like thee right honest ;  
 Had just that freeborn boldness on his brow,  
 And yet he fail'd me. Were it not for him,  
 Who, as thou see'st, ev'n at this hour of joy,  
 Draws tears down mine old cheek, I were as blest  
 As the great gods. Oh, he has all disgrac'd  
 His high-born ancestry ! But I'll forget him.  
 Haste, *Evelina*, barb my knotty spear,  
 Bind fast this trusty falchion to my thigh,  
 My bow, my target —

## C H O R U S.

Rash *Caradacus* !

What hast thou done ? What dost thou mean to do ?

## C A R A C T A C U S.

To save my country.

## C H O R U S.

To betray thyself.

That thou hast done ; the rest thou canst not do,  
 If Heav'n forbids ; and of its awful will  
 Thy fury recks not : Has the bleeding victim  
 Pour'd a propitious stream ? the milk-white steeds  
 Unrein'd and neighing pranc'd with fav'ring steps ?  
 Say, when these youths approach'd, did not a gust  
 Of livid smoak involve the bickering flame ?  
 Did not the forest tremble ? every omen  
 Led thee to doubt their honesty of purpose ;  
 And yet, before their tongues could tell that purpose,  
 Ere I had tender'd, as our laws ordain,  
 Their test of faith, thy rudeness rush'd before me,  
 Infringing my just rights.

## C A R A C-

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Druid, methinks,  
At such a time, in such a cause, Reproof ~~can~~ said I  
Might bate its sternness. Now, by Heav'n, I feel,  
Beyond all omens, that within my breast, ~~which~~ as I  
Which marshals me to conquest ; something here  
That snatches me beyond all mortal fears,  
Lifts me to where upon her jasper throne  
Sits flame-rob'd Victory, who calls me son,  
And crowns me with a palm, whose deathless green  
Shall bloom when Cæsar's fades.

## C H O R U S.

Vain confidence !

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Yet I submit in all —

## C H O R U S.

"Tis meet thou should'st.

Thou art a King, a sov'reign o'er frail man ;  
I am a Druid, servant of the Gods ;  
Such service is above such sov'reignty,  
As well thou know'st : if they should prompt these  
lips

To interdict the thing thou dar'st to do,  
What would avail thy daring ?

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Holy man !

But thou wilt bless it ; Heav'n will bid thee bless it ;  
Thou know'st that, when we fight to save our  
country,

We fight the cause of Heav'n. The man that falls,  
Falls hallow'd ; falls a victim for the Gods ;  
For them and for their altars.

## C H O R U S.

Valiant Prince!

Think not we lightly rate our country's weal,  
 Or, thee, our country's champion. Well we know  
 The glorious meed of those exalted souls,  
 Who flame like thee for freedom: mark me, Prince,  
 The time will come, when Destiny and Death,  
 Thron'd in a burning car, the thund'ring wheels  
 Arm'd with gigantic scythes of adamant,  
 Shall scour this field of life: and in the rear  
 The fiend Oblivion: kingdoms, empires, worlds  
 Melt in the general blaze: when, lo, from high  
 Andraste darting, catches from the wreck  
 The roll of fame, claps her ascending plumes,  
 And stamps on orient stars each patriot name,  
 Round her eternal dome.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Speak ever thus,  
 And I will hear thee, 'till attention faint  
 In heedless extacy.

## C H O R U S.

This tho' we know,  
 Let man beware with headlong zeal to rush  
 Where slaughter calls; it is not courage, Prince,  
 Nor nor the pride and practis'd skill in arms,  
 That gains this meed: the warrior is no patriot,  
 Save when, obsequious to the will of Heav'n,  
 He draws the sword of vengeance.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Surely, Druid,  
 Such fair occasion speaks the will of Heav'n—

## C H O R U S.

Monarch, perchance thou hast a fair occasion:  
 But, if thou hast, the Gods will soon declare it:  
 Their sov'reign will thou know'ft not; this to learn  
 Demands our search. Ye mortals all retire!  
 Leave ye the grove to us and inspiration;  
 Nor let a step, or ev'n one glance profane,  
 Steal from your caverns: stay, my holy brethren,  
 Ye time-ennobled Seers, whose reverend brows  
 Full eighty winters whiten; you, ye Bards,  
*Leoline, Cadwall, Hael, Cantaber,*  
 Attend upon our numbers: Wond'rous men,  
 Ye, whose skill'd fingers know how best to lead,  
 Thro' all the maze of sound, the wayward step  
 Of Harmony, recalling oft, and oft  
 Permitting her unbridled course to rush  
 Thro' dissonance to concord, sweetest then  
 Ev'n when expected harshest. *Mador* thou  
 Alone shalt lift thy voice; no choral peal  
 Shall drown thy solemn warblings; thou best know'ft  
 That opiate charm which lulls corporeal sense:  
 Thou hast the key, great Bard! that best can ope  
 The portal of the soul; unlock it straight,  
 And lead the pensive pilgrim on her way,  
 Through the vast regions of futurity.

*Exeunt Caradacus, Vellinus, &c.*

**C H O R U S.**

**O, D O E.**

Hail, thou harp of Phrygian frame!  
 In years of yore that Camber bore  
 From Troy's sepulchral flame;  
 With ancient *Brute*, to Britain's shore  
 The mighty minstrel came:

Sublime

Sublime upon thy burnish'd prow,  
 He bade thy manly modes to flow;  
 Britain heard the descant bold,  
 She flung her white arms o'er the sea,  
 Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold  
 The freight of harmony.

Mute 'till then was ev'ry plain,  
 Save where the flood o'er mountains rude  
 Tumbled his tide a'main:  
 And Echo from th' impending wood  
 Resounded the hoarse strain,  
 While from the north the sullen gale  
 With hollow whistlings shook the vale;  
 Dismal notes, and answer'd soon  
 By savage howl the heaths among,  
 What time the wolf doth bay the trembling moon,  
 And thin the bleating throng.

Thou spak'st, imperial Lyre,  
 The rough roar ceas'd, and airs from high  
 Lapt the land in extasy:  
 Fancy, the fairy, with thee came;  
 And Inspiration, bright-exil'd dame;  
 Ost at thy call would leave her sapphire sky;  
 And, if not vain the verse presumes,  
 Ev'n now some chaste Divinity is near:  
 For lo! the sound of distant plumes  
 Pants thro' the pathless desert of the air.

'Tis not the flight of her;  
 'Tis sleep, her dewy harbinger,  
 Change my harp, O change thy measures;  
 Cull, from thy mellifluous treasures,

Notes that steal on even feet,  
 Ever slow, yet never pausing,  
 Mixt with many a warble sweet,  
 In a ling'ring cadence cloasing,  
 While the pleas'd power sinks gently down the skies,  
 And seals with hand of down the Druids slumb'ring  
 eyes.

Thrice I pause, and thrice I sound  
 The central string, and now I ring  
 (By measur'd lore profound)  
 A sevenfold chime, and sweep, and swing  
 Above, below, around,  
 To mix thy music with the spheres,  
 That warble to immortal ears.  
 Inspiration hears the call ;  
 She rises from her throne above,  
 And, sudden as the glancing meteors fall,  
 She comes, she fills the grove.

High her port ; her waving hand  
 A pencil bears ; the days, the years,  
 Arise at her command,  
 And each obedient colouring wears.

Lo, where Time's pictur'd band  
 In hues æthereal glide along ;  
 O mark the transitory throng ;  
 Now they dazzle, now they die,  
 Instant they fit from light to shade,  
 Mark the blue forms of faint futurity,  
 O mark them ere they fade.

Whence

Whence was that inward groan ?  
 Why bursts thro' closed lids the tear ?  
 Why uplifts the bristling hair  
     Its white and venerable shade ?  
 Why down the consecrated head  
     Courses in chilly drops the dew of fear ?  
 All is not well, the pale-ey'd moon  
 Curtains her head in clouds, the stars retire,  
     Save from the sultry south alone  
 The swart star flings his pestilential fire ;  
     Ev'n sleep herself will fly,  
     If not recall'd by harmony.  
 Wake, my lyre ! thy softest numbers,  
 Such as nurse extatic numbers,  
     Sweet as tranquil virtue feels  
     When the toil of life is ending,  
 While from the earth the spirit steals,  
     And, on new-born plumes ascending,  
     Hastens to lave in the bright fount of day,  
     'Till Destiny prepare a shrine of purer clay.

[*The Druid waking, speaks.*

C H O R U S.

It may not be. Avaunt, terrific ax ;  
 Why hangs thy bright edge glaring o'er the grove ?  
 O for a giant's nerve to ward the stroke !  
 It bows, it falls.  
 Where am I ? hush, my soul !  
 'Twas all a dream. Resume no more the strain :  
 The hour is past : my brethren ! what ye saw,  
 (If what ye saw, as by your looks, I read,  
 Bore like ill-omen'd shape) hold it in silence.  
 The midnight air falls chilly on my breast ;

And

And now I shiver, now a fey'rish glow  
Scorches my vitals. Hark, some step approaches.

EVELINA, CHORUS.

EVELINA.

Thus, with my wayward fears, to burst unbidden  
On your dread synod, rousing as ye seem,  
From holy trance, appears a desperate deed,  
Ev'n to the wretch who dares it.

CHORUS.

Virgin! quickly  
Pronounce the cause.

EVELINA.

Bear with a simple maid  
Too prone to fear, perchance my fears are vain.

CHORUS.

But yet declare them.

EVELINA.

I suspect me much  
The faith of these Brigantes.

CHORUS.

Say'ft thou, Virgin?  
Heed what thou say'ft; Suspicion is a guest  
That in the breast of man, of wrathful man,  
Too oft' his welcome finds; yet seldom sure  
In that submissive calm that smooths the mind  
Of maiden innocence.

EVELINA.

I know it well;  
Yet must I still distrust the elder stranger:

CHORUS.

For

For while he talks, (and much the flatterer talks)  
 His brother's silent carriage gives disproof  
 Of all his boast; indeed I mark'd it well;  
 And, as my father with the elder held  
 Bold speech and warlike, as is still his wont  
 When fir'd with hope of conquest, oft I saw  
 A sigh unbidden heave the younger's breast,  
 Half check'd as it was rais'd; sometimes, methought,  
 His gentle eye would cast a glance on me,  
 As if he pitied me; and then again  
 Would fasten on my father, gazing there  
 To veneration; then he'd sigh again,  
 Look on the ground, and hang his modest head  
 Most pensively.

## C H O R U S.

This may demand, my brethren,  
 More serious search: Virgin! proceed.

## E V E L I N A.

'Tis true,  
 My father, rapt in high heroic zeal,  
 His ev'ry thought big with his country's freedom;  
 Heeds not the different carriage of these brethren,  
 The elder takes him wholly; yet, methinks,  
 The younger's manners have I know not what,  
 That speaks him far more artless. This besides,  
 Is it not strange, if, as the tale reports,  
 My mother sojourns with this distant Queen,  
 She should not send or to my sire, or me,  
 Some fond remembrance of her love? ah! none,  
 With tears I speak it, none, not her dear blessing  
 Has reach'd my longing ears.

## C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

The Gods, my brethren,  
 Have wak'd these doubts in the untainted breast  
 Of this mild maiden ; oft to female softness,  
 Oft to the purity of virgin souls  
 Doth heav'n its voluntary light dispense,  
 When victims bleed in vain. They must be spies.  
 Hie thee, good *Cantaber*, and to our presence  
 Summon the young Brigantian.

## E V E L I N A.

Do not that,  
 Or, if ye do, yet treat him nothing sternly :  
 The softest terms from such a tender breast  
 Will draw confession, and, if ye shall find  
 The treason ye suspect, forbear to curse him.  
 (Not that my weakness means to guide your wisdom)  
 Yet, as I think he would not wittingly  
 E'er do a deed of baseness, were it granted  
 That I might question him, my heart forebodes  
 It more could gain by gentleness and prayers,  
 Than will the fiercest threats.

## C H O R U S.

Perchance it may :  
 And quickly shalt thou try. But see the King !  
 And with him both the youths.

## E V E L I N A.

Alas ! my fears  
 Forewent my errand, else had I inform'd thee  
 That therefore did I come, and from my father  
 To gain admission. Mark the younger, Druid,

How

How sad he seems; oft did he in the cave  
So fold his arms——

## C H O R U S.

We mark him much, and much  
The elder's free and dreadless confidence!  
Virgin, retire awhile in yonder vale,  
Nor, 'till thy royal father quits the grove,  
Resume thy station here. [Exit Evelina.]

C A R A C T A C U S, C H O R U S,  
V E L L I N U S, E L I D U R U S.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Forgive me, Druid!  
My eager soul no longer could sustain  
The pangs of expectation; hence I sent  
The virgin innocence of *Evelina*,  
Safest to break upon your privacy:  
She not return'd, O pardon! that uncall'd  
I follow: the great cause, I trust, absolves me:  
'Tis your's, 'tis freedom's, 'tis the cause of heav'n;  
And sure heav'n owns it such.

## C H O R U S.

*Caractacus,*

All that by sage and sanctimonious rites  
Might of the gods be ask'd, we have essay'd,  
And yet, nor to our wish, nor to their wont,  
Gave they benign assent.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Death to our hopes!

## C H O R U S.

While yet we lay in sacred slumber tranc'd,

Sullen

Sullen and sad to fancy's frightened eye  
 Did shapes of dun and murky hue advance,  
 In train tumultuous, all of gesture strange,  
 And passing horrible; starting we wak'd,  
 Yet felt no waking calm; still all was dark,  
 Still rang our tinkling ears with screams of woe.  
 Suspicious tremors still—

## VELLINUS.

Of what suspicious?

Druid, our Queen—

## CHORUS.

Restrain thy wayward tongue,  
 Insolent youth! in such licentious mood  
 To interrupt our speech ill suits thy years,  
 And worse our sanctity.

## CARACTACUS.

'Tis his distress

Makes him forget, what else his reverent zeal  
 Would pay ye holily. Think what he feels,  
 Poor youth! who fears yon moon, before she wanes,  
 May see his country conquer'd; see his mother  
 The victor's slave, her royal blood debas'd,  
 Dragging her chains thro' the throng'd streets of  
 Rome

To grace oppression's triumph. Horrid thought!  
 Say, can it be that he, whose strenuous youth  
 Adds vigour to his virtue, e'er can bear  
 This patiently? he comes to ask my aid,  
 And, that withheld, (as now he needs must fear)  
 What means, alas! are left? search Britain round,  
 What chief dares cope with Rome? what king but  
 holds

His loan of power at a Proconsul's will,  
At best a scepter'd slave?

## VELLINUS.

Yes, Monarch, yes,  
If Heav'n restrains thy formidable sword,  
Or to its stroke denies that just success  
Which Heav'n alone can give, I fear me much  
Our Queen, ourselves, nay Britain's self, must perish.

## CARACTACUS.

But is not this a fear makes Virtue vain?  
Tears from yon ministering regents of the sky  
Their right? Plucks from firm-handed Providence,  
The golden reins of sublunary sway,  
And gives them to blind Chance? If this be so,  
If Tyranny must lord it o'er the earth,  
There's Anarchy in Heav'n. Nay, frown not, Druid,  
I do not think 'tis thus.

## CHORUS.

We trust thou do'st not,

## CARACTACUS.

Masters of Wisdom! No: my soul confides  
In that all-healing and all-forming Power,  
Who, on the radiant day when Time was born,  
Cast his broad eye upon the wild of ocean,  
And calm'd it with a glance: then, plunging deep  
His mighty arm, pluck'd from its dark domain  
This throne of Freedom, lifted it to light,  
Girt it with silver cliffs, and call'd it Britain:  
He did, and will preserve it.

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

Pious Prince,

In that all-healing and all-forming power  
 Still let thy soul confide ; but not in men,  
 No, not in these, ingenuous as they seem,  
 'Till they are tried by that high test of faith  
 Our ancient laws ordain.

## V E L L I N U S.

Illustrious Seer,

Methinks our Sov'reign's signer well might plead  
 Her envoy's faith. Thy pardon, mighty Druid,  
 Not for ourselves, but for our Queen we plead ;  
 Mistrusting us, ye wound her honour.

## C H O R U S.

Peace ;

Our will admits no party. Thither, Youths,  
 Turn your astonish'd eyes ; behold yon huge  
 And unhevn' sphere of living adamant,  
 Which, pois'd by magic, rests its central weight  
 On yonder pointed rock : firm as it seems,  
 Such is its strange and virtuous property,  
 It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch  
 Of him, whose breast is pure ; but to a traitor,  
 Tho' ev'n a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,  
 It stands as fixt as Snowdon. No reply.  
 The Gods command that one of you must now  
 Approach and try it : in your snowy vests,  
 Ye Priests, involve the lots, and to the younger,  
 As in our wont, tender the choice of Fate.

## E L I D U R U S.

Heav'ns ! is it fall'n on me ?

## C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

Young Prince, it is ;

Prepare thee for thy trial.

## E L I D U R U S.

Gracious Gods !

Who may look up to your tremendous thrones,  
 And say his breast is pure ? All-searching Powers,  
 Ye know already how and what I am ;  
 And what ye mean to publish me in Mona,  
 To that I yield and tremble.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Rouse thee, Youth !

And, with that courage honest Truth supplies,  
 (For sure ye both are true) haste to the trial ;  
 Behold I lead thee on.

## C H O R U S.

Prince, we arrest

Thy hasty step ; to witness this high test  
 Pertains to us alone. A while retire,  
 And in yon cave his brother be thy charge ;  
 The trial past, again we will confer,  
 Touching that part which Heav'n's deciding choice  
 Wills thee to act.

[ *Exeunt. Caractacus and Vellinus.* ]

## C H O R U S, E L I D U R U S.

## C H O R U S.

Now be the rites prepar'd :

And now, ye Bards, chaunt ye that custom'd hymn,  
 The prelude of this fam'd solemnity.

C H O R U S

O D E.

## O D E.

Thou Spirit pure, that spread'st unseen  
Thy pinions o'er this pond'rous sphere;

And, breathing thro' each rigid vein,  
Fill'st with stupendous life the marble mass  
And bid'st it bow upon its base,

When sov'reign Truth is near ;  
Spirit, invisible ! to thee  
We swell the solemn harmony ;

Hear us, and aid :  
Thou that in Virtue's cause  
O'er-rulest Nature's laws,  
O hear, and aid with influence high  
The sons of Peace and Piety.

First-born of that ethereal tribe  
Call'd into birth ere time or place,  
Whom wave nor wind can circumscribe,  
Heirs of the liquid liberty of Light,  
That float on rainbow pennons bright

Thro' all the wilds of space,  
Yet thou alone of all thy kind  
Canst range the regions of the mind,  
Thou only know'st  
That dark meandering maze,  
Where wayward Falshood strays,  
And, seizing swift the lurking sprite,  
Forces her forth to shame and light.

Thou canst enter the dark cell  
Where the vulture Conscience slumbers,  
And, unarm'd by charming spell,  
Or magic numbers,

Canst

Canst rouse her from her formidable sleep,  
And bid her dart her raging talons deep;

Yet, ah! too seldom doth the furious fiend  
Thy bidding wait; vindictive, self prepar'd,  
She knows her torturing time; too sure to rend  
The trembling heart, when Virtue quits her guard.

Pause then, celestial guest!  
And, brooding on thine adamantine sphere,  
If fraud approach, Spirit, that fraud declare;  
To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest.

## C H O R U S.

Heard'st thou the awful invocation, Youth,  
Wrapt in those holy harpings?

## E L I D U R U S.

Sage, I did;  
And it came o'er my soul as doth the thunder,  
While distant yet, with an expected burst,  
It threatens the trembling ear. Now to the trial.

## C H O R U S.

Ere that, bethink thee well what rig'rous doom  
Attends thine act, if failing certain death:  
So certain, that in our absolving tongues  
Rests not that power may save thee: Thou must die.

E V E L I N A, E L I D U R U S, C H O R U S.

E V E L I N A. *Die say'st thou? Druid!*

E L I D U R U S. *Evelina here! Lead to the rock.*

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

No, Youth, awhile we spare thee;  
 And, in our stead, permit this royal maiden  
 To urge thee first with virgin gentlenes ;  
 Respect our clemency, and meet our questions  
 With answers prompt and true ; so may'st thou 'scape  
 A sterner trial.

## E L I D U R U S.

Rather to the rock.—

## E V E L I N A.

Dost thou disdain me, Prince ? Lost as I am,  
 Methinks the daughter of Caradacus  
 Might merit milder treatment : I was born to gain  
 To royal hopes and promises, nur'sd i'th'lap  
 Of soft prosperity ; alas the change !  
 I meant but to address a few brief words  
 To this young Prince, and he doth turn his eye,  
 And scorn to answer me.

## E L I D U R U S.

Scorn thee, sweet Maid ?

No, 'tis the fear

## E V E L I N A.

And can't thou fear me, Youth ?

Ev'n while I led a life of royalty,  
 I bore myself to all with meek deportment,  
 In nothing harsh, or cruel : and, how'er  
 Misfortune works upon the minds of men,  
 (For some they say it turns to very stone)  
 Mine I am sure it softens. Wer't thou guilty,  
 Yet I should pity thee ; nay, wer't thou leagu'd  
 To load this suffering heart with more misfortunes,

I

Still

Still should I pity thee; nor e'er believe  
 Thou wouldest, on free and voluntary choice,  
 Betray the innocent.

## ELIDURUS.

Indeed I would not.

## EVELINA.

No, gracious Youth, I do believe thou wouldest not;  
 For on thy brow the liberal hand of Heav'n  
 Has portray'd Truth as visible and bold,  
 As were the pictur'd suns that deckt the brows  
 Of our brave ancestors. Say then, young Prince,  
 (For therefore have I wish'd to question thee)  
 Bring ye no token of a mother's fondness  
 To her expecting child? Gentle thou seem'st,  
 And sure that gentleness would prompt thine heart  
 To visit, and to sooth with courteous office,  
 Distress like her's. A captive and a queen  
 Has more than common claim for pity, Prince,  
 And ev'n the ills of venerable age  
 Were cause enough to move thy tender nature.  
 The tears o'ercharge thine eye. Alas, my fears!  
 Sickness or sore infirmity had seiz'd her,  
 Before thou left'st the palace, else her lips  
 Had to thy care entrusted some kind message,  
 And blest her hapless daughter by thy tongue.  
 Would she were here!

## ELIDURUS.

Would Heav'n she were!

## EVELINA.

Ah why?

## ELIDURUS.

## ELIDURUS.

Because you wish it.

## EVELINA.

Thanks, ingenuous Youth,  
For this thy courtesy. Yet if the Queen  
Thy mother shines with such rare qualities,  
As late thy brother boasted, she will calm  
Her woes, and I shall clasp her aged knees  
Again, in peace and liberty. — Alas!  
He speaks not; all my fears are just.

## ELIDURUS.

What fears?

The Queen *Guideria* is not dead.

## EVELINA.

Not dead!  
But is she in that happy state of freedom,  
Which we were taught to hope? Why sigh'st thou,  
Youth?

Thy years have yet been prosp'rous. Did thy father  
E'er lose a kingdom? Did captivity  
E'er seize thy shrieking mother? thou can'st go  
To yonder cave, and find thy brother safe:  
He is not lost, as mine is. Youth, thou sigh'st  
Again; thou hast not sure such cause for sorrow;  
But if thou hast, give me thy griefs, I pray thee;  
I have a heart can softly sympathize,  
And sympathy is soothing.

## ELIDURUS.

O Gods! Gods!

She tears my soul. What shall I say?

## E V E L I N A.

Perchance,  
For all in this bad world must have their woes,  
Thou too hast thine; and may'st, like me, be  
wretched!

Haply amid the ruinous waste of war,  
'Mid that wild haycock, which those sons of blood  
Bring on our groaning country, some chaste maid,  
Whose tender soul was link'd by love to thine,  
Might fall the trembling prey to Roman rage,  
Ev'n at the golden hour, when holy rites  
Had seal'd your virtuous vows. If it were so,  
Indeed I pity her!

## E L I D U R U S.

Not that: not that.

Never 'till now did beauty's matchless beam—  
But I am dumb.

## E V E L I N A.

Why that dejected eye?  
And why this silence? that some weighty grief  
O'erhangs thy soul, thy ev'ry look proclaims.  
Why then refuse it words? The heart that bleeds  
From any stroke of fate or human wrongs,  
Loves to disclose itself, that list'ning pity  
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.  
'Tis only, when with inbred horror smote  
At some base act, or done, or to be done,  
That the recoiling soul, with conscious dread,  
Shrinks back into itself. But thou, good Youth—

## E L I D U R U S.

Cease, royal maid! permit me to depart.—

## E V E L I N A.

## EVELINA.

Yet, hear me, stranger ! Truth and Secrecy,  
Tho' friends, are seldom necessary friends.—

## ELIDURUS.

I go to try my truth—

## EVELINA.

O ! go not hence,  
In wrath ; think not, that I suspect thy virtue ;  
Yet ignorance may oft make virtue slide,  
And if—

## ELIDURUS.

In pity spare me.

## EVELINA.

If thy brother—

Nay, start not, do not turn thine eye from mine ;  
Speak, I conjure thee, is his purpose honest ?  
I know the guilty price, that barbarous Rome  
Sets on my father's head ; and gold, vile gold,  
Has now a charm for Britons : Brib'd by this,  
Should he betray him—Yes, I see thou shudder'st  
At the dire thought ; yet not, as if 'twere strange ;  
But as our fears were mutual. Ah, young stranger ;  
That open face scarce needs a tongue to utter  
What works within. Come then, ingenuous Prince,  
And instant make discovery to the Druid,  
While yet 'tis not too late.

## ELIDURUS.

Ah ! what discover ?

Say, whom must I betray ?

## E V E L I N A.

Tby brother.

E L I D U R U S.

Ha!

## E V E L I N A.

Who is no brother, if his guilty soul  
 Teems with such perfidy. O all ye stars !  
 Can he be brother to a youth like thee,  
 Who would betray an old and honour'd King,  
 That King his countryman, and one whose prowess  
 Once guarded Britain 'gainst th' assailing world ?  
 Can he be brother to a youth like thee,  
 Who from a young, defenceless, innocent maid,  
 Would take that King her father ? Make her suffer  
 All that an orphan suffers ? More perchance :  
 The ruffian foe.—O tears, ye choak my utterance !  
 Can he be brother to a youth like thee,  
 Who would defile his soul by such black deeds ?  
 It cannot be——And yet, thou still art silent.  
 Turn, youth, and see me weep. Ah, see me kneel ;  
 I am of royal blood, not wont to kneel,  
 Yet will I kneel to thee. O save my father !  
 Save a distressed maiden from the force  
 Of barbarous men ! Be thou a brother to me,  
 For mine alas ! hah !

[Sees Arviragus entering.

ARVIRAGUS, EVELINA, ELIDURUS,

C H O R U S.

A R V I R A G U S.

Evelina, rise !

Know, maid, I ne'er will tamely see thee kneel,  
 Ev'n at the foot of Cæsar.

E V E L I N A.

'Tis himself :

And

And he will prove my father's fears were false,  
False, as his son is brave. Thou best of brothers.  
Come to my arms. Where hast thou been, thou  
wanderer?

How wer't thou fav'd? Indeed, *Arviragus*,  
I never shed such tears, since thou wer't lost,  
For these are tears of rapture.

## A R V I R A G U S.

*Evelina!*

Fain would I greet thee, as a brother ought:  
But wherefore did'st thou kneel?

## E V E L I N A.

O! ask not now.

## A R V I R A G U S.

By heav'n I must, and he must answer me,  
Whoe'er he be. What art thou, sullen stranger?

## E L I D U R U S.

A Briton.

## A R V I R A G U S.

Brief and bold.

## E V E L I N A.

Ah, spare the taunt:

He merits not thy wrath. Behold the Druids;  
Lo, they advance: with holy reverence first  
Thou must address their sanctity.

## A R V I R A G U S.

I will.

But fee, proud boy, thou do'st not quit the grove,  
'Till time allows us parley.

ELIDURUS. Prince, I mean not.  
ARVIRAGUS.

Sages, and sons of heav'n! Illustrious Druids!  
Abruptly I approach your sacred presence:  
Yet such dire tidings—

CHORUS.

On thy peril, peace!  
Thou stand'st accus'd, and by a father's voice,  
Of crimes abhor'd, of cowardice and flight;  
And therefore may'st not in these sacred groves  
Utter polluted accents. Quickly say,  
Wherefore thou fled'st? For that base fact unclear'd  
We hold no further converse.

ARVIRAGUS.

O ye Gods!

Am I the son of your *Caractacus*?  
And could I fly?

CHORUS.

Waste not or time or words!  
But tell us why thou fled'st?

ARVIRAGUS.

I fled not, Druid!  
By the great Gods I fled not! Save to stop  
Our dastard troops, that basely turn'd their backs.  
I stopt, I rallied them, when lo a shaft  
Of random cast did level me with earth,  
Where pale and senseless, as the slain around me,  
I lay 'till midnight: Then as from long trance  
Awoke, I crawl'd upon my feeble limbs

To

To a lone cottage, where a pitying hind  
 Lodg'd me, and nourish'd me. My strength repair'd,  
 It boots not that I tell, what humble arts  
 Compell'd I us'd to screen me from the foe.  
 How now a peasant from a beggarly scrip  
 I sold cheap food to slaves, that nam'd the price,  
 Nor after gave it. Now a minstrel poor  
 With ill-tun'd harp, and uncouth descant shrill  
 I ply'd a thirstless trade, and by such shifts  
 Did win obscurity to shroud my name.  
 At length to other conquests in the north  
*Ostorius* led his legions: Safer now,  
 Yet not secure, I to some valiant chiefs,  
 Whom war had spar'd, discover'd what I was;  
 And with them plann'd, how surest we might draw  
 Our scatter'd forces to some rocky fastness.  
 In rough Caernarvon, there to breathe in freedom,  
 If not with brave incursion to oppress  
 The thinly-station'd foe. And soon our art  
 So well avail'd, that now at Snowdon's foot  
 Full twenty troops of hardy veterans wait  
 To call my fire their leader.

## C H O R U S.

Valiant youth—

## E V E L I N A.

He is—I said he was a valiant youth,  
 Nor has he sham'd his race.

## C H O R U S.

We do believe

Thy modest tale: And may the righteous Gods  
 Thus ever shed upon thy noble breast

Discretion's

Discretion's cooling dew. When nurtur'd so,  
Then, only then, doth valour bloom mature.

A R V I R A G U S.

Yet vain is valour, howsoe'er it bloom:  
Druid, the Gods frown on us. All my hopes  
Are blasted; I shall ne'er rejoin my friends,  
Ne'er bless them with my father. Holy meh,  
I have a tale to tell, will shake your souls.  
Your Mona is invaded; Rome approaches,  
Ev'n to these groves approaches.

S E M I C H O R U S.

Horror! horror!

A R V I R A G U S.

Late as I landed on yon highest beach,  
Where nodding from the rocks the poplars fling  
Their scatter'd arms, and dash them in the wave,  
There were their vessels moor'd, as if they sought  
Concealment in the shade, and as I pass'd  
Up yon thick-planted ridge, I 'spy'd their helms  
Mid breaks and boughs trench'd in the heath below,  
Where like a nest of night-worms did they glitter,  
Sprinkling the plain with brightness. On I sped  
With silent step, yet oft did pass so near,  
'Twas next to prodigy, I 'scap'd unseen.

C H O R U S.

Their number, Prince?

A R V I R A G U S.

Few, if mine hasty eye  
Did find, and count them all.

C H O R U S.

O brethren, brethren,

Treasor

Treason and sacrilege, worse foes than Rome,  
Have led Rome hither. Instant seize that wretch,  
And bring him to our presence.

CHORUS, ELIDURUS, ARVIRAGUS.

CHORUS.

Say, thou false one !  
What doom befits the slave, who sells his country ?

ELIDURUS.

Death, sudden death !

CHORUS.

No, ling'ring piece-meal death ;  
And to such death thy brother and thyself  
We now devote. Villain, thy deeds are known ;  
'Tis known, ye led the impious Romans hither  
To slaughter us ey'n on our holy altars.

ELIDURUS.

That on my soul doth lie some secret grief,  
These looks perforce will tell : 'It is not fear,  
Druids, it is not fear that shakes me thus ;  
The great Gods know, it is not : Ye can never :  
For, what tho' wisdom lifts ye next those gods,  
Ye cannot, like to them, unlock men's breasts,  
And read their immost thoughts. Ah ! that ye could.

ARVIRAGUS.

What hast thou done ?

ELIDURUS.

What, Prince, I will not tell.

CHORUS.

Wretch, there are means —

ELI.

## ELIDURUS.

I know, and terrible means;  
 And 'tis both fit, that you should try those means,  
 And I endure them: Yet I think, my patience  
 Will for some space baffle your torturing fury.

## CHORUS.

Be that best known, when our inflicted goads  
 Harrow thy flesh!

## ARVIRAGUS.

Stranger, ere this is try'd  
 Confess the whole of thy black perfidy;  
 So black, that when I look upon thy youth,  
 Read thy mild eye, and mark thy modest brow,  
 I think indeed, thou durst not.

## ELIDURUS.

Such a crime  
 Indeed I durst not; and would rather be  
 The very wretch thou seest. I'll speak no more.

## CHORUS.

Brethren, 'tis so. The virgin's thoughts were just;  
 This youth has been deceiv'd.

## ELIDURUS.

Yes, one word more.  
 You say, the Romans have invaded Mona.  
 Give me a sword and twenty honest Britons,  
 And I will quell those Romans. Vain demand!  
 Alas! you cannot: Ye are men of peace:  
 Religion's self forbids. Lead then to torture.

## ARVIRAGUS.

Now on my soul this youth doth move me much.

CHO-

## C H O R U S.

Think not Religion and our holy office  
 Doth teach us tamely like the bleating lamb,  
 To crouch before oppression, and with neck  
 Outstretch'd await the stroke. Mistaken boy !  
 Did not strict justice claim thee for her victim,  
 We might full safely send thee to these Romans,  
 Inviting their hot charge. Know, when I blow  
 That sacred trumpet bound with sable fillets  
 To yonder branching oak, the awful sound  
 Calls forth a thousand Britons train'd alike  
 In holy and in martial exercise,  
 Not by such mode and rule, as Romans use,  
 But of that fierce portentous horrible sort,  
 As shall appall ev'n Romans.

## E L I D U R U S.

Gracious gods !

Then there are hopes indeed. O call them instant,  
 This Prince will lead them on : I'll follow him,  
 Tho' in my chains, and some way dash them round  
 To harm the haughty foe.

## A R V I R A G U S.

A thousand Britons,  
 And arm'd ! O instant blow the sacred trump,  
 And let me head them. Yet methinks this youth —

## C H O R U S.

I know what thou wouldest say, might join thee,  
 Prince. True, were he free from crime, or had confess.

## E L I D U R U S.

Confess. Ah, think not, I will e'er —

## A R V I

## A R V I R A G U S.

Reflect.

Either thyself or brother must have wrong'd us :  
Then why conceal —

## E L I D U R U S.

Haft thou a brother ? no !

Else hadst thou spar'd the word ; and yet a sister  
Lovely as thine might more than teach thee, Prince,  
What 'tis to have a brother. Hear me, Druids,  
Tho' I would prize an hour of freedom now  
Before an age of any after date :  
Tho' I would seize it as the gift of heav'n,  
And use it as heav'n's gift : yet do not think,  
I so will purchase it. Give it me freely,  
I yet will spurn the boon, and hug my chains,  
'Till you do swear by your own hoary heads,  
My brother shall be safe.

## C H O R U S.

Excellent youth !

Thy words do speak thy soul, and such a soul,  
As wakes our wonder. Thou art free ; thy brother  
Shall be thine honour's pledge ! so will we use him,  
As thou art false or true.

## E L I D U R U S.

I ask no other.

## A R V I R A G U S.

Thus then, my fellow-soldier, to thy clasp  
I give the hand of friendship. Noble youth,  
We'll speed or die together.

CHO-

## C H O R U S.

Hear us, Prince !

Mona permits not, that he fight her battles,  
 'Till duly purified : For tho' his soul  
 Took up unwittingly this deed of baseness,  
 Yet is lustration meet. Learn, that in vice  
 There is a noisome rankness unperceiv'd  
 By gross corporeal sense, which so offends  
 Heaven's pure divinities, as us the stench  
 Of vapour wafted from sulphureous pool,  
 Or pois'nous weed obscene. Hence doth the man,  
 Who ev'n converses with a villain, need  
 As much purgation, as the pallid wretch  
 'Scap'd from the walls, where frowning pestilence  
 Spreads wide her livid banners. For this cause,  
 Ye Priests, conduct the youth to yonder grove,  
 And do the needful rites. Mean while ourself  
 Will lead thee, Prince, unto thy father's presence.—  
 But hold, the King comes forth.

[ *Exeunt Priests with Elidurus.* ]

CARACTACUS, ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS,

E V E L I N A.

C A R A C T A C U S.

My son, my son !

What joy, what transport, doth thine aged sire  
 Feel in these filial foldings ! Speak not, boy,  
 Nor interrupt that heart-felt ecstasy  
 Should strike us mute. I know what thou wouldest  
 say,  
 Yet prithee, peace. Thy sister's voice hath clear'd  
 thee,  
 And could excuse find words at this blest moment,  
 Trust me, I'd give it vent. But 'tis enough,

Thy

Thy father welcomes thee to him and honour :  
 Honour, that now with rapt'rous certainty  
 Calls thee his own true offspring. Dost thou weep ?  
 Ah, if thy tears swell not from joy's free spring,  
 I beg thee, spare them : I have done thee wrong,  
 Can make thee no atonement : None, alas !  
 Thy father scarce can bless thee, as he ought ;  
 Unblest himself, beset with foes around,  
 Bereft of queen, of kingdom, and of soldiers,  
 He can but give thee portion of his dangers,  
 Perchance and of his chains : Yet droop not, boy,  
 Virtue is still thine own.

## A R V I R A G U S.

It is, my father ;  
 Pure as from thine illustrious fount it came ;  
 And that unsullied, let the world oppress us ;  
 Let fraud and falsehood rivet fetters on us ;  
 Still shall our souls be free : Yet hope is ours,  
 As well as virtue.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Spoken like a Briton.  
 True, hope is ours, and therefore let's prepare :  
 The moments now are precious. Tell us, Druid,  
 Is it not meet, we see the bands drawn out,  
 And mark their due array ?

## C H O R U S.

Monarch, ev'n now

They skirt the grove.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Then let us to their front —

C H O —

## C H O R U S.

But is the traitor-youth in safety lodg'd?

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Druid, he fled——

## C H O R U S.

O fatal flight to Mona!

## C A R A C T A C U S.

But what of that? *Arviragus* is here,  
My son is here, let then the traitor go,  
By this he has join'd the Romans: Let him join them,  
A single arm, and that a villain's arm,  
Can lend but little aid to any powers  
Oppos'd to truth and virtue. Come, my son,  
Let's to the troops, and marshal them with speed.  
That done, we from these venerable men  
Will claim their ready blessing: Then to battle,  
And the swift sun ev'n at his purple dawn  
Shall spy us crown'd with conquest, or with death.

[*Exeunt Caractacus, and Arviragus.*]

## C H O R U S, E V E L I N A.

## C H O R U S.

What may his flight portend! Say, *Evelina*,  
How came this youth to 'scape?

## E V E L I N A.

And that to tell

Will fix much blame on my impatient folly:  
For, ere your hallow'd lips had given permission,  
I flew with eager haste to bear my father  
News of his son's return. Inflam'd with that,  
Think, how a sister's zealous breast must glow!

Your

Your looks give mild assent. I glow'd indeed  
 With the dear tale, and sped me in his ear  
 To pour the precious tidings: But my tongue  
 Scarce nam'd *Arviragus*, ere the false stranger  
 (As I bethink me since) with stealthy pace  
 Fled to the cavern's mouth.

## C H O R U S.

The king pursued?

## E V E L I N A.

Alas! he mark'd him not, for 'twas the moment,  
 When he had all to ask and all to fear,  
 Touching my brother's valour. Hitherto  
 His safety only, which but little mov'd him,  
 Had reach'd his ears: But when my tongue unfolded  
 The story of his bravery and his peril,  
 O how the tears cours'd plenteous down his cheeks!  
 How did he lift unto the heav'ns his hands  
 In speechless transport! Yet he soon bethought him  
 Of Rome's invasion, and with fiery glance  
 Survey'd the cavern round; then snatch'd his spear,  
 And menac'd to pursue the flying traitor:  
 But I with prayers (O pardon, if they err'd)  
 Withheld his step, for to the left the youth  
 Had wing'd his way, where the thick underwood  
 Afforded sure retreat. Besides, if found,  
 Was age a match for youth?

## C H O R U S.

Maiden, enough,

Better perchance for us, if he was captive:  
 But in the justice of their cause, and heav'n,  
 Do Mona's sons confide.

BARD, CHORUS, ELIDURUS, EVELINA.

## B A R D.

Druid, the rites

Are

Are finish'd, all save that which crowns the rest,  
And which pertains to thy blest hand alone :  
For that he kneels before thee.

## C H O R U S.

Take him hence,  
We may not trust him forth to fight our cause.

## E L I D U R U S.

Now by *Andraste's* throne —

## C H O R U S.

Nay, swear not, youth,  
The tie is broke, that held thy fealty :  
Thy brother's fled.

## E L I D U R U S.

Fled !

## C H O R U S.

To the Romans fled,  
Yes, thou hast cause to tremble.

## E L I D U R U S.

Ah, *Vellinus* !

Does thus our love, does thus our friendship end ?  
Was I thy brother, youth, and hast thou left me ?  
Yes ; and how left me, cruel, as thou art,  
The victim of thy crimes !

## C H O R U S.

True, thou must die.

## E L I D U R U S.

I pray ye then on your best mercy, fathers,  
It may be speedy. I would fain be dead,  
If this be life. Yet I must doubt ev'n that,

For

For falsehood of this strange stupendous sort  
 Sets firm-ey'd reason on a gaze, mistrusting,  
 That what she sees in palpable plain form,  
 The stars in yon blue arch, these woods, these ca-  
 verns,

Are all mere tricks of cozenage, nothing real,  
 The vision of a vision. If he's fled,  
 I ought to hate this brother.

## C H O R U S.

Yet thou dost not.

## E L I D U R U S.

But when astonishment will give me leave,  
 Perchance I shall.—And yet he is my brother,  
 And he was virtuous once. Yes, ye vile Romans,  
 Yes, I must die, before my thirsty sword  
 Drinks one rich drop of vengeance. Yet, ye rob-  
 bers,

Yet will I curse you with my dying lips :  
 'Twas you that stole away my brother's virtue.

## C H O R U S.

Now then prepare to die.

## E L I D U R U S.

I am prepar'd.

Yet, since I cannot now (what most I wish'd)  
 By manly prowess guard this lovely maid :  
 Permit, that on your holiest earth I kneel,  
 And pour one fervent prayer for her protection.  
 Allow me this, for though you think me false,  
 The Gods will hear me.

## E V E L I N A.

I can hold no longer !

O Druid,

O Druid, Druid, at thy feet I fall :  
Yes, I must plead (away with virgin blushes)  
For such a youth must plead. I'll die to save him,  
O take my life, and let him fight for Mona.

## C H O R U S.

Virgin, arise. His virtue hath redeem'd him,  
And he shall fight for thee and for his country.  
Youth, thank us with thy deeds. The time is short,  
And now with reverence take our high lustration :  
Thrice do we sprinkle thee with day-break dew  
Shook from the May-thorn blossom ; twice and  
thrice  
Touch we thy forehead with our holy wand :  
Now thou art fully purg'd. Now rise restor'd  
To virtue and to us. Hence then, my son,  
Hie thee to yonder altar, where our Bards  
Shall arm thee duly both with helm and sword  
For warlike enterprize. [Exit *Elidurus*.]

CARACTACUS, CHORUS, ARVIRAGUS,

E V E L I N A.

C A R A C T A C U S.

'Tis true, my son,  
Bold are their bearings, and I fear me not  
But they have hearts will not belie their looks.  
I like them well. Yet would to righteous heav'n  
Those valiant veterans, that on Snowdon guard  
Their scanty pittance of bleak liberty,  
Were here to join them ; we would teach these  
wolves,  
Tho' we permit their rage to prowl our coasts,  
That vengeance waits them ere they rob our altars.

1071  
Hail,

Hail, Druid, hail ! we find thy valiant guards  
 Accoutred so, as well bespeaks the wisdom  
 That fram'd their phalanx. We but wait thy blessing  
 To lead them 'gainst the foe.

## C H O R U S.

*Caractacus !*  
 Behold this sword : The sword of old *Belinus*,  
 Stain'd with the blood of giants, and its name  
*Trifingus*. Many an age its charmed blade  
 Has slept within yon consecrated trunk.  
 Lo, I unsheathe it, King ; I wave it o'er thee ;  
 Mark, what portentous streams of scarlet light  
 Flow from the brandish'd falchion. On thy knee  
 Receive the sacred pledge.—And mark our words.  
 By the bright circle of the golden sun,  
 By the brief courses of the errant moon,  
 By the dread potency of every star  
 That studs the mystic zodiac's burning girth,  
 By each, and all of these supernal signs,  
 We do adjure thee with this trusty blade,  
 To guard yon central oak, whose holiest stem  
 Involves the spirit of high *Taranis* :  
 This be thy charge ; to which in aid we join  
 Ourselves, and our sage brethren. With our vassals  
 Thy son and the Brigantian prince shall make  
 Incursion on the foe.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

In this, and all,  
 Be ours observance meet. Yet surely, Druid,  
 The fresh and active vigour of these youths  
 Might better suit with this important charge.

Not

Not that my heart shrinks at the glorious task,  
But will with ready zeal pour forth its blood  
Upon the sacred roots, my firmest courage  
Might fail to save. Yet, Fathers, I am old;  
And if I fell the foremost in the onset,  
Should leave a son behind, might still defend you.

## C H O R U S.

The sacred adjuration we have utter'd  
May never be recall'd.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Then be it so.

But do not think, I counsel this thro' fear:  
Old as I am, I trust with half our powers  
I could drive back these Romans to their ships;  
Dastards, that come as doth the cow'ring fowler  
To tangle me with snares and take me tamely;  
Slaves, they shall find, that ere they gain their prey,  
They have to hunt it boldly with barb'd spears,  
And meet such conflict, as the chafed boar  
Gives to his stout assailants. O ye Gods!

That I might instant face them.

## C H O R U S.

Be thy son's.

The onset.

## A R V I R A G U S.

From his soul that son doth thank ye,  
Blessing the wisdom, that preserves his father  
Thus to the last. O if the fav'ring Gods  
Direct this arm, if their high will permit,  
I pour a prosperous vengeance on the foe,

talk

I ask for life no longer, than to crown  
 The valiant task. Steel then, ye powers of heav'n,  
 Steel my firm soul with your own fortitude,  
 Free from alloy of passion. Give me courage,  
 That knows not rage; revenge, that knows not  
 Malice; Let me not thirst for carnage, but for conquest:  
 And conquest gain'd, sleep vengeance in my breast,  
 Ere in its sheath my sword.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

O hear his father!

If ever rashness spur'd me on, great Gods,  
 To acts of danger thirsting for renown;  
 If ere my eager soul pursu'd its course  
 Beyond just reason's limit, visit not  
 My faults on him. I am the thing you made me,  
 Vindictive, bold, precipitate, and fierce:  
 But as you gave to him a milder mind,  
 O bless him, bless him with a milder fate!

## E V E L I N A

Nor yet unheard let *Evelina* pour  
 Her pray'rs and tears. O hear a hapless maid,  
 That ev'n thro' half the years her life has number'd,  
 Ev'n nine long years has drag'd a trembling' being,  
 Beset with pains and perils. Give her peace;  
 And, to endear it more, be that blest peace  
 Won by her brother's sword. O bless his arm,  
 And bless his valiant followers, One, and all.

E L I D U R U S *entering armed.*

Hear, heav'n! and let this pure and virgin prayer  
 Plead ev'n for *Elidurus*, whose sad soul

Cannot

Cannot look up to your immortal thrones,  
 And urge his own request : Else would he ask,  
 That all the dangers of th'approaching fight  
 Might fall on him alone : That every spear  
 The Romans wield might at his breast be aim'd ;  
 Each arrow darted on his rattling helm ;  
 That so the brother of this beauteous maid,  
 Returning safe with victory and peace,  
 Might bear them to her bosom.

## C H O R U S.

Now rise all,  
 And heav'n, that knows, what most ye ought to ask,  
 Grant all ye ought to have. Behold, the stars  
 Are faded ; universal darkness reigns.  
 Now is the dreadful hour, now will our torches  
 Glare with more livid horror, now our shrieks  
 And clanking arms will more appall the foe.  
 But heed, ye Bards, that for the sign of onset  
 Ye found the antientest of all your rhymes,  
 Whose birth tradition notes not, nor who fram'd  
 Its lofty strains : The force of that high air  
 Did *Julius* feel, when, fir'd by it, our fathers  
 First drove him recreant to his ships ; and ill  
 Had far'd his second landing, but that fate  
 Silenc'd the master Bard, who led the song.  
 Now forth, brave Pair ! Go, with our blessing go ;  
 Mute be the march, as ye ascend the hill :  
 Then, when ye hear the sound of our shrill trumpet,  
 Fall on the foe.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Now glory be thy guide ;  
 Pride of my soul, go forth and conquer.

## E V E L I N A.

Brother,

Yet one embrace. O thou much honour'd Stranger,  
 I charge thee fight by my dear brother's side,  
 And shield him from the foe ; for he is brave,  
 And will with bold and well-directed arm  
 Return thy succour.

[*Exeunt Arviragus and Elidurus.*]

## C H O R U S.

Now, ye Priests, with speed  
 Strew on the altar's height your sacred leaves,  
 And light the morning flame. But why is this ?  
 Why doth our brother *Mador* snatch his harp  
 From yonder bough ? Why this way bend his step ?

## C A R A C T A C U S.

He is entranc'd. The fillet bursts, that bound  
 His liberal locks ; his snowy vestments fall  
 In ampler folds ; and all his floating form  
 Doth seem to glisten with divinity !  
 Yet is he speechless. Say, thou Chief of Bards,  
 What is there in this airy vacancy,  
 That thou with fiery and irregular glance  
 Shouldst scan thus wildly ? wherefore heaves thy  
 breast ?

Why starts —

## C H O R U S.

## O D E.

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,  
 That shook the earth with thund'ring tread ?  
 'Twas Death.—In haste  
 The Warrior past ;

High

High tower'd his helmed head :  
 I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,  
 I 'spy'd the sparkling of his spear,  
 I saw his giant arm the falchion wield ;  
 Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd the angry  
 air.

On me (he cry'd) my Britons wait,  
 To lead you to the field of fate  
 I come : Yon car,  
 That cleaves the air,  
 Descends to throne my state :  
 I mount your Champion and your God.  
 My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong :  
 Hark ! to my wheels of brass, that rattle loud !  
 Hark ! to my \* clarion shrill, that brays the woods  
 among !

Fear not now the fever's fire,  
 Fear not now the death-bed groan,  
 Pangs that torture, pains that tire,  
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan :  
 These domestic terrors wait  
 Hourly at my palace gate ;  
 And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,  
 These on the tyrant king and coward slave  
 Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their  
 grave.

But, ye my Sons, at this high hour  
 Shall share the fulness of my power :

\* Here one of the Druids blows the sacred trumpet.

From all your bows,  
 In level'd rows,  
 My own dread shafts shall shower.  
 Go then to conquest, gladly go,  
 Deal forth my dole of destiny,  
 With all my fury dash the trembling foe  
 Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's pale  
 spectres lie.

Where creeps the ninefold stream profound  
 Her black inexorable round,  
 And on the bank,  
 To willows dank,  
 The shiv'ring ghosts are bound.  
 Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell  
 To full-orb'd pride, and fading die,  
 Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell :  
 Not such the meed that crowns the sons of Liberty.

No, my Britons ! battle-slain,  
 Rapture gilds your parting hour :  
 I, that all despotic reign,  
 Claim but there a moment's power.  
 Swiftly the soul of British flame  
 Animates some kindred frame.  
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,  
 Exults again in martial ecstacies,  
 Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

#### C A R A C T A C U S.

It does, it does ! unconquer'd, undismay'd,  
 The British soul revives—Champion lead on,  
 I follow—give me way. Some blessed shaft  
 Will rid me of this clog of cumb'rous age ;

And

And I again shall in some happier mould  
Rise to redeem my country.

C H O R U S.

Stay thee, Prince,  
And mark what clear and amber-skirted clouds  
Rise from the altar's verge, and cleave the skies :  
O 'tis a prosperous omen ! Soon expect  
To hear glad tidings.

C A R A C T A C U S.

I will send them to thee.

C H O R U S.

But see, a Bard approaches, and he bears them :  
Else is his eye no herald to his heart.

B A R D, C H O R U S, C A R A C T A C U S.

C A R A C T A C U S.

Speedily tell thy tale.

B A R D.

A tale like mine,  
I trust your ears will willingly pursue  
Thro' each glad circumstance. First, Monarch, learn,  
The Roman troop is fled.

C H O R U S.

Great Gods, we thank ye !

C A R A C T A C U S.

Fought they not ere they fled ? O tell me all.

B A R D.

Silent, as night, that wrapt us in her veil,  
We pac'd up yonder hill, whose woody ridge  
O'erhung the ambush'd foe. No sound was heard,

Step felt, or sight descry'd: for safely hid,  
 Beneath the purple pall of sacrifice  
 Did sleep our holy fire, nor saw the air,  
 'Till to that pass we came, where whilom *Brute*  
 Planted his five hoar altars. To our rites,  
 Then swift we hasted, and in one short moment  
 The rocky piles were cloth'd with livid flame.  
 Near each a white-rob'd Druid, whose stern voice  
 Thunder'd deep execrations on the foe.  
 Now wak'd our horrid symphony, now all  
 Our harps terrific hang: Mean while the grove  
 Trembled, the altars shook, and thro' our ranks  
 Our sacred sisters rush'd in sable robes,  
 With air dishevel'd, and funereal brands  
 Hurl'd round with menacing fury. On they rush'd  
 In fierce and frantic mood, as is their wont  
 Amid the magic rites, they do to Night  
 In their deep dens below. Motions like these  
 Were never dar'd before in open air!

## C H O R U S.

Did I not say, we had a pow'r within us,  
 That might appall ev'n Romans?

## B A R D.

And it did.

They stood aghast, and to our vollied darts,  
 That thick as hail fell on their helms and corslets,  
 Scarce rais'd a warding shield. The sacred trumpet  
 Then rent the air, and instant at the signal  
 Rush'd down *Arviragus* with all our vassals;  
 A hot, but short-liv'd, conflict then ensu'd:  
 For soon they fled. I saw the Romans fly,  
 Before I left the field.

## C A R A C-

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C A R A C T A C U S.

My son pursu'd !

B A R D.

The Prince and *Elidurus*, like twin lions,  
Did side by side engage. Death seem'd to guide  
Their swords, no stroke fell fruitless, every wound  
Gave him a victim.

C A R A C T A C U S.

Thus my friend *Ebraneus* !

Ill-fated prince ! didst thou and I in youth  
Unite our valours. In his prime he fell,  
On Conway's banks I saw him fall, and slew  
His murderer.—But how far did they pursue ?

B A R D.

Ev'n to the ships : For I descri'd the rout,  
Far as the twilight gleam would aid my fight.

C A R A C T A C U S.

Now thanks to the bright star that rul'd his birth ;  
Yes, he will soon return to claim my blessing,  
And he shall have it pour'd in tears of joy  
On his bold breast ! methought I heard a step :  
Is it not his ?

B A R D.

'Tis some of our own train,  
And as I think, they lead six Romans captive.

CHORUS, CARACTACUS, CAPTIVES.

C H O R U S.

My brethren, bear the prisoners to the cavern,  
Till we demand them.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Pause ye yet a while.

They seem of bold demeanor, and have helms,  
 That speak them leaders. Hear me, Romans, hear.  
 That you are captives is the chance of war:  
 Yet captives as ye are, in Britain's eye  
 Ye are not slaves. Barbarians tho' ye call us,  
 We know the native rights, man claims from man,  
 And therefore never shall we gall your necks.  
 With chains, or drag you at our scythed cars  
 In arrogance of triumph. Nor 'till taught  
 By Rome (what Britain sure should scorn to learn)  
 Her avarice, will we barter you for gold.  
 True, ye are captives, and our country's safety  
 Forbids, we give you back to liberty:  
 We give you therefore to th' immortal Gods,  
 To them we lift you in the radiant cloud  
 Of sacrifice. They may in limbs of freedom  
 Replace your free-born souls, and their high mercy  
 Haply shall to some better world advance you;  
 Or else in this restore that golden gift,  
 Which lost, leaves life a burden. Does there breathe  
 A wretch so 'pall'd with the vain fear of death  
 Can call this cruelty? 'tis love, 'tis mercy,  
 And grant, ye Gods, if ere I'm made a captive,  
 I meet the like fair treatment from the foe,  
 Whose stronger star quells mine. Now lead them on,  
 And, while they live, treat them, as men should men,  
 And not as Rome treats Britain. *[Exeunt Captives.*  
 Druid, these,  
 Ev'n shoud their chief escape, may to the Gods  
 In sacrifice—Whence was that shriek?

E V E L I N A;

EVELINA, CARACTACUS, CHORUS.

E V E L I N A.

My father,  
Support me, take me trembling to your arms ;  
All is not well. Ah me, my fears o'ercome me !

C A R A C T A C U S.

What means my child ?

E V E L I N A.

Alas we are betray'd.

Ev'n now as wandring in yon eastern grove  
I call'd the Gods to aid us, the dread sound  
Of many hasty steps did meet mine ear :  
This way they prest.

C A R A C T A C U S.

Daughter, thy fears are vain.

E V E L I N A.

Methought I saw the flame of lighted brands,  
And what did glitter to my dazzled sight,  
Like swords and helms.

C A R A C T A C U S.

All, all the feeble coinage  
Of maiden fear.

E V E L I N A.

Nay, if mine ear mistook not,  
I heard the traitor's voice, who that way 'scap'd ;  
Calling to arms.

C A R A C T A C U S.

Away with idle terrors !

Know, thy brave brother's helm is crown'd with  
conquest,  
Our Foes are fled, their leaders are our captives.  
Smile, my lov'd child, and imitate the sun,  
That rises ruddy from behind yon oaks  
To hail him victor.

## C H O R U S.

That the rising sun !

O horror ! horror ! sacrilegious fires  
Devour our groves : They blaze, they blaze ! O  
sound  
The trump again ; recall the prince, or all  
Is lost.

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Druid, where is thy fortitude ?  
Do not I live ? Is not this holy sword  
Firm in my grasp ? I will preserve your groves.  
Britons, I go : Let those that dare die nobly,  
Follow my step. [Exit *Caractacus*.]

## E V E L I N A.

O whither does he go ?  
Return, return : Ye holy men, recall him.  
What is his arm against a host of Romans ?  
O I have lost a father !

## C H O R U S.

Ruthless Gods !  
Ye take away our souls : A general panic  
Reigns thro' the grove. O fly, my brethren, fly,  
To aid the king, fly to preserve your altars !  
Alas ! 'tis all in vain ; our fate is fixt.  
Look there, look there, thou miserable maid !

Behold

Behold thy bleeding brother.

ARVIRAGUS, ELIDURUS, EVELINA,

C H O R U S.

A R V I R A G U S.

Thanks, good youth!

Safe hast thou brought me to that holy spot,  
Where I did wish to die. Support me still.  
O, I am sick to death. Yet one step more:  
Now lay me gently down. I would drag out  
This life, tho' at some cost of throbs and pangs,  
Just long enough to claim my father's blessing,  
And sigh my last breath in my sister's arms.—  
And here she kneels, poor maid! all dumb with grief  
Restrain thy sorrow, gentlest *Evelina*,  
True, thou dost see me bleed: I bleed to death.

E V E L I N A.

Say'st thou to death? O Gods! the barbed shaft  
Is buried in his breast. Yes, he must die;  
And I, alas! am doom'd to see him die.  
Where are your healing arts, medicinal herbs,  
Ye holy men, your wonder-working spells?  
Pluck me but out this shaft, stanch but this blood,  
And I will call down blessings on your heads.  
With such a fervency—And can ye not?  
Then let me beg you on my bended knee,  
Give to my misery some opiate drug,  
May shut up all my senses.—Yes, good fathers,  
Mingle the potion so, that it may kill me.  
Just at the instant, this poor languisher  
Heaves his last sigh.

A R V I.

A R V I R A G U S.

Talk not thus wildly, sister,  
Think on our father's age—

E V E L I N A.

Alas ! my brother !  
We have no father now ; or if we have,  
He is a captive.

A R V I R A G U S.

Captive ! O my wound !  
It stings me now—But is it so ? [Turning to the Chorus.

C H O R U S.

Alas !  
We know no more, save that he sallied single  
To meet the foe, whose unexpected host  
Round by the east had wound their fraudful march,  
And fir'd our groves.

E L I D U R U S.

O fatal, fatal valour !  
Then is he seiz'd, or slain.

A R V I R A G U S.

Too sure he is !  
Druid, not half the Romans met our swords ;  
We found the fraud too late : the rest are yonder.

C H O R U S.

How could they gain the pass ?

A R V I R A G U S.

The wretch, that fled  
That way, return'd, conducting half their powers ;  
And—But thy pardon, youth, I will not wound thee,  
He is thy brother.

E L I-

## E L I D U R U S.

Thus my honest sword  
 Shall force the blood from the detested heart,  
 That holds alliance with him.

## A R V I R A G U S.

*Elidurus,*

Hold, on our friendship, hold. Thou noble youth,  
 Look on this innocent maid. She must to Rome,  
 Captive to Rome. Thou feest warm life flow from  
 me,

Ere long she'll have no brother. Heav'n's my witness,  
 I do not wish, that thou shouldst live the slave  
 Of Rome: But yet she is my sister.

## E L I D U R U S.

*Prince,*

Thou urgest that, might make me drag an age  
 In fetters worse than Roman. I will live,  
 And while I live —

*Enter B A R D.*

Ely to your caverns, Druids,  
 The grove's beset around. The chief approaches.

## C H O R U S.

Let him approach, we will confront his pride,  
 The Seer that rules amid the groves of Mona  
 Has not to fear his fury. What tho' age  
 Slackens our sinews; what tho' shield and sword  
 Give not their iron aid to guard our body;  
 Yet virtue arms our soul, and 'gainst that panoply  
 What vails the rage of robbers? Let him come.

## A R V I R A G U S.

I faint space. — Ye venerable men,

If ye can save this body from pollution,  
 If ye can tomb me in this sacred place,  
 I trust ye will. I fought to save these groves,  
 And, fruitless tho' I fought, some grateful oak,  
 I trust will spread its reverential gloom  
 O'er my pale ashes—Ah! that pang was death!  
 My sister, Oh! ————— [Dies.]

## E L I D U R U S.

She faints! Ah raise her! —————

## E V E L I N A.

Yes,

Now he is dead. I felt his spirit go  
 In a cold sigh, and as it past, methought  
 It paus'd a while, and trembled on my lips!  
 Take me not from him: Breathless as he is,  
 He is my brother still, and if the Gods  
 Do please to grace him with some happier being,  
 They ne'er can give to him a fonder sister.

## C H O R U S.

Brethren, surround the corse, and, ere the foe  
 Approaches, chaunt with meet solemnity  
 That grateful dirge your dying champion claims.

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Lo, where incumbent o'er the shade  
 Rome's rav'ning eagle bows her beaked head!  
 Yet while a moment fate affords,  
 While yet a moment freedom stays,  
 That moment, which outweighs  
 Eternity's unmeasur'd hoards,  
 Shall Mona's grateful Bards employ  
 To hymn their godlike hero to the sky.

S E M I-

## S E M I C H O R U S.

Ring out, ye mortal strings ;  
 Answer, thou heavenly harp, instinct with spirit all,  
 That o'er the jasper arch self-warbling swings  
 Of blest *Andraſte*'s throne :  
 Thy sacred sounds alone  
 Can celebrate the fall  
 Of bold *Arviragus*—Enter *Aulus Didius and Romans*.

A U L U S D I D I U S, C H O R U S, E V E L I N A,  
E L I D U R U S.

## A U L U S D I D I U S.

Ye bloody priests,  
 Behold we burst on your infernal rites,  
 And bid you pause. Instant restore our soldiers,  
 Nor hope that superstition's ruthless step  
 Shall wade in Roman gore. Ye savage men,  
 Did not our laws give licence to all faiths,  
 We would o'erturn your altars, headlong heave  
 These shapeless symbols of your barbarous Gods,  
 And let the golden sun into your caves.

## C H O R U S.

Servant of *Cæsar*, has thine impious tongue  
 Spent the black venom of its blasphemy ?  
 It has. Then take our curses on thine head,  
 Ev'n his fell curses, who doth reign in *Mona*,  
 Vicegerent of those Gods thy pride insults.

## A U L U S D I D I U S.

Bold priest, I scorn thy curses, and thyself.  
 Soldiers, go search the caves, and free the prisoners.  
 Take heed, ye seize *Caradacuſ* alive.  
 Arrest yon youth ; load him with heaviest irons,

He

He shall to *Cæsar* answer for his crime.

**E L I D U R U S.**

I stand prepar'd to triumph in my crime.

**A U L U S . D I D I U S .**

'Tis well, proud boy—Look to the beauteous maid,  
[To the soldiers.

That tranc'd in grief, bends o'er yon bleeding corse,  
Respect her sorrows.

**E V E L I N A.**

Hence, ye barbarous men,  
Ye shall not take him weltring thus in blood,  
To shew at Rome, what British virtue was.  
Avaunt ! The breathless body that ye touch  
Was once *Arviragus* !

**A U L U S D I D I U S .**

Fear us not, Princes,  
We reverence the dead.

**C H O R U S .**

Would too to heav'n,  
Ye reverenc'd the Gods but ev'n enough  
Not to debase with slavery's cruel chain,  
What they created free.

**A U L U S D I D I U S .**

The Romans fight  
Not to enslave, but humanize the world.

**C H O R U S .**

Go too, we will not parley with thee, Roman:  
Instant pronounce our doom.

**A U L U S D I D I U S .**

Hear it, and thank us.

This

This once our clemency shall spare your groves,  
 If at our call ye yield the British king :  
 Yet learn, when next ye aid the foes of *Cæsar*,  
 That each old oak, whose solemn gloom ye boast,  
 Shall bow beneath our axes.

## C H O R U S.

Be they blasted,  
 Whene'er their shade forgets to shelter virtue.

Enter B A R D.

Mourn, Mona, mourn. *Caractacus* is captive !  
 And dost thou smile, false Roman ? do not think  
 He fell an easy prey. Know, ere he yielded,  
 Thy bravest veterans bled. He too, thy spy,  
 The base Brigantian prince, hath seal'd his fraud  
 With death. Bursting thro' armed ranks, that  
 hemm'd

The caitiff round, the brave *Caractacus*—  
 Seiz'd his false throat ; and as he gave him death  
 Indignant thunder'd, ' Thus is my last stroke  
 ' The stroke of justice.' Numbers then oppress him :  
 I saw the slave, that cowardly behind  
 Pinion'd his arms ; I saw the sacred sword  
 Writh'd from his grasp : I saw, what now ye see,  
 Inglorious sight ! those barbarous bonds upon him.

CARACTACUS, AULUS DIDIUS, CHORUS,

&c. C A R A C T A C U S.

Romans, methinks the malice of your tyrant  
 Might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,  
 And wither'd as you see these war-worn limbs,  
 Trust me, they shall support the weightiest load  
 Injustice dares impose. —

Proud-

Proud-crested soldier ! [To *Didius*.]

Who seem'st the master-mover in this business,  
Say, dost thou read less terror on my brow,  
Than when thou met'st me in the fields of war  
Heading my nations ? No, my free-born soul  
Has scorn still left to sparkle thro' these eyes,  
And frown defiance on thee.—Is it thus !

[*Seeing his son's body.*]

Then I'm indeed a captive. Mighty Gods !  
My soul, my soul submits : Patient it bears  
The pond'rous load of grief ye heap upon it.  
Yes, it will grovel in this shatter'd breast,  
And be the sad tame thing, it ought to be  
Coopt in a servile body.

### A U L U S D I D I U S .

Droop not, King.

When *Claudius*, the great master of the world,  
Shall hear the noble story of thy valour,  
His pity —

### C. A R A C T A C U S .

Can a Roman pity, soldier ?  
And if he can, Gods ! must a Briton bear it ?  
*Arviragus*, my bold, my breathless boy,  
Thou hast escap'd such pity ; thou art free.  
Here in high Mona shall thy noble limbs  
Rest in a noble grave ; posterity  
Shall to thy tomb with annual reverence bring  
Sepulchral stones, and pile them to the clouds :  
Whilst mine —

### A U L U S D I D I U S .

The morn doth hasten our departure.

Prepare thee, King, to go: A fav'ring gale  
Now swells our sails.

### C A R A C T A C U S.

Inhuman, that thou art!

Dost thou deny a moment for a father  
To shed a few warm tears o'er his dead son?  
I tell thee, chief, this act might claim a life,  
To do it duly; even a longer life,  
Than sorrow ever suffer'd. Cruel man!  
And thou deniest me moments. Be it so.  
I know you Romans weep not for your children;  
Ye triumph o'er your tears, and think it valour:  
I triumph in my tears. Yes, best-lov'd boy,  
Yes, I can weep, can fall upon thy corse,  
And I can tear my hairs, these few grey hairs,  
The only honours war and age have left me.  
Ah son! thou might'st have rul'd o'er many nations,  
As did thy royal ancestry: But I,  
Rash that I was, ne'er knew the golden curb  
Discretion hangs on brav'ry: Else perchance  
These men, that fasten fetters on thy father,  
Had su'd to him for peace, and claim'd his friend-  
ship.

### A U L U S D I D I U S.

But thou wast still implacable to Rome,  
And scorn'd her friendship.

### C A R A C T A C U S *starting up from the body.*

Soldier, I had arms,  
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,  
Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman,  
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims

To lord it universal o'er the world,  
Shall the world tamely crouch at *Cæsar's* footstool?

## A U L U S D I D I U S.

Read in thy fate our answer. Yet if sooner  
Thy pride had yielded—

## C A R A C T A C U S.

Thank thy Gods, I did not.

Had it been so, the glory of thy master,  
Like my misfortunes, had been short and trivial,  
Oblivion's ready prey: Now after struggling  
Nine years, and that right bravely 'gainst a tyrant,  
I am his slave to treat as seems him good;  
If cruelly, 'twill be an easy task  
To bow a wretch, alas! how bow'd already!  
Down to the dust: If well, his clemency,  
When trick'd and varnish'd by your glossing penmen,  
Will shine in honour's annals, and adorn  
Himself; it boots not me. Look there, look there,  
The slave that shot that dart, kill'd ev'ry hope  
Of lost *Caractacus*! Arise, my daughter.  
Alas! poor Prince! art thou too in vile fetters?

[*To Elidurus.*

Come hither, youth: Be thou to me a son,  
To her a brother. Thus with trembling arms  
I lead you forth; children, we go to Rome.  
Weep'st thou, my girl? I prithee hoard thy tears  
For the sad meeting of thy captive mother:  
For we have much to tell her, much to say  
Of these good men, who nurtur'd us in Mona;  
Much of the fraud and malice, that pursu'd us;  
Much of her son, who pour'd his precious blood

To

To save his sire and sister : Think'ſt thou, maid,  
Her gentleness can hear the tale, and live ?  
And yet ſhe muſt. O Gods, I grow a talker !  
Grief and old age are ever full of words :  
But I'll be mute. Adieu ! ye holy men ;  
Yet one look more—Now lead us hence for ever.

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that, and I think I will not do more  
for him, than to tell him, that he is  
a good man, and that he is  
a good man to follow, and that he is  
a good man to follow, and that he is

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# LETTERS.

ГЯЗТГД

## LETTER I.

I WAS aware, when I sent you my \* Poem, that it would be liable to the very objections you make to it. Yet perhaps they will be obviated to your satisfaction, when I have laid before you (as indeed I ought to have done at first) the original idea which led me to chuse such a subject, and to execute it in so peculiar a manner.

Had I intended to give an exact copy of the ancient Drama, your objections to the present Poem would be unanswerable. But my design was much less confined. I meant only to pursue the antient method, so far as it is probable a Greek Poet, were he alive, would now do, in order to adapt himself to the genius of our times, and the character of our Tragedy. According to this notion, every thing was to be allowed to the present taste, which nature and Aristotle could possibly dispense with ; and nothing of intrigue or refinement was to be admitted, at which antient judgment could reasonably take offence. Good sense, as well as antiquity, prescribed an adherence to the three great Unities ; these therefore were strictly observed. But on the other hand, to follow the modern masters in those respects wherein they had not so faultily deviated from their predecessors, a story was chosen, in which the tender rather than the noble passions were predominant,

L and  
N O T E.

\* *ELFRIDA*, to which these letters were prefxt in the former Editions of that Poem.

and in which even love had the principal share. Characters too were drawn as nearly approaching to private ones, as Tragic dignity would permit ; and affections raised rather from the impulse of common humanity, than the distresses of royalty and the fate of kingdoms. Beside this, for the sake of natural embellishment, and to reconcile mere modern readers to that simplicity of fable, in which I thought it necessary to copy the Ancients, I contrived to lay the scene in an old romantic forest. For, by this means, I was enabled to enliven the Poem by various touches of pastoral description ; not affectedly brought in from the store-house of a picturesque imagination, but necessarily resulting from the scenery of the place itself : A beauty so extremely striking in the *Comus* of Milton, and the *As you like it* of Shakespear ; and of which the Greek Muse (though fond of rural Imagery) has afforded few examples, besides that admirable one in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles.

By this idea I could wish you to regulate your criticism. I need not, I think, observe to you that these deviations from the practice of the Ancients may be reasonably defended. For we were long since agreed, that where Love does not degenerate into episodical gallantry, but makes the foundation of the distress, it is, from the universality of its influence, a passion very proper for Tragedy. And I have seen you too much moved at the representation of some of our best Tragedies of private story, to believe you will condemn me for making the other deviation.

## LETTER II.

I AM glad, you approve the method, I have taken, of softening the rigour of the old Drama. If I have, indeed, softened it sufficiently for the modern taste, without parting with any of the essentials of the Greek method, I have obtained my purpose: which was to obviate some of the popular objections made to the antient form of Tragedy. For the current Opinion, you know, is, that by the strict adherence to the Unities, it restrains the genius of the Poet; by the simplicity of its conduct, it diminishes the *pathos* of the fable; and, by the admission of a continued chorus, prevents that agreeable embarrass, which awakens our attention, and interests our passions.

The universal veneration, which we pay to the name of Shakespear, at the same time that it has improved our relish for the higher beauties of Poetry, has undoubtedly been the ground-work of all this false criticism. That disregard, which, in compliance merely with the taste of the times, he shewed of all the necessary rules of the Drama, hath since been considered as a characteristic of his vast and original genius; and consequently set up as a model for succeeding writers. Hence M. Voltaire remarks very justly, “ que le mérite de cet auteur a perdu le Théâtre Anglois. Le temps, qui seul fait la réputation des hommes, rend à la fin leurs défauts respectables.”

Yet, notwithstanding the absurdity of this low superstition, the notion is so popular amongst Englishmen, that I fear it will never be entirely discredited, till a poet rises up amongst us with a genius as elevated and daring as Shakespeare's, and a judgment as sober and chastised as Racine's. But as it seems too long to wait for this prodigy, it will not surely be improper for any one of common talents, who would entertain the public without indulging its caprice, to take the best models of antiquity for his guides; and to adapt those models, as near as may be, to the manners and taste of his own times. Unless he do both, he will, in effect, do nothing. For it cannot be doubted, that the many gross faults of our stage are owing to the complaisance and servility, with which the ordinary run of writers have ever humoured that illiterate, whimsical, or corrupted age, in which it was their misfortune to be born.

Milton you will tell me, is a noble exception to this observation. He is so, and would have been a nobler, had he not run into the contrary extreme. The contempt in which, perhaps with justice, he held the age he lived in, prevented him from condescending either to amuse or instruct it. He had, before, given to his unworthy Countrymen the noblest Poem that genius, conducted by antient art could produce; and he had seen them receive it with disregard, if not with dislike. Conscious therefore of his own dignity, and of their demerit, he looked to posterity, only for his reward, and to posterity only directed his future labours. Hence it was perhaps that he form-

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ed his *Samson Agonistes* on a model more simple and severe than Athens herself would have demanded ; and took *Æschylus* for his master rather than *Sophocles* or *Euripides* : intending by this conduct to put as great a distance as possible between himself and his contemporary writers ; and to make his work (as he himself said) *much different from what amongst them passed for the best*. The success of the Poem was, accordingly, what one would have expected. The age, it appeared in, treated it with total neglect ; neither hath that posterity, to which he appealed, and which has done justice to most of his other writings, as yet given to this excellent piece its full measure of popular and universal fame. Perhaps, in your closet, and that of a few more, who unaffectedly admire genuine nature and ancient simplicity, the *Agonistes* may hold a distinguished rank. Yet, surely, we cannot say (in *Hamlet's* phrase) "*that it pleases the Million ; it is still Caviar to the general!*"

Hence, I think, I may conclude, that unless one would be content with a very late and very learned posterity, Milton's conduct in this point should not be followed. A Writer of tragedy must certainly adapt himself more to the general taste ; because the Dramatic, of all kinds of Poetry, ought to be most universally relished and understood. The Lyric Muse addresses herself to the imagination of a reader ; the Didactic to his judgment ; but the Tragic strikes directly on his passions. Few men have a strength of imagination capable of pursuing the flights of *Pindar* ; many have not a clearness of apprehension

suited to the reasonings of Lucretius and Pope: But every man has passions to be excited; and every man feels them excited by Shakespeare.

But, though Tragedy be thus chiefly directed to the heart, it must be observed, that it will seldom attain its end without the concurrent approbation of the judgment. And to procure this, the artificial construction of the fable goes a great way. In France, the excellence of their several poets is chiefly measured by this standard. And amongst our own writers, if you except Shakespeare (who indeed ought, for his other virtues, to be exempt from common rules) you will find, that the most regular of their compositions is generally reckoned their *Chef d'oeuvre*, witness the *All for Love* of Dryden, the *Venice preserved* of Otway, and the *Jane Shore* of Rowe.

## LETTER III.

THE scheme, you proposed in your last, is I own practicable enough. Undoubtedly, most part of the Dialogue of the Chorus might be put into the mouth of an Emma or Matilda, who, with some little shew of sisterly concernment, might be easily made to claim kindred with Earl Athelwold. Nay, by the addition of a few unnecessary incidents, which would cost me no more than they are worth in contriving; and an unmeaning personage or two, who would be as little expence in creating, I believe I could

could quickly make the whole tolerably fit for an English Audience.

But for all this I cannot persuade myself to enter upon the task. I have, I know not how (like many of my betters) contracted a kind of veneration for the old Chorus: and am willing to think it essential to the Tragic Drama. You shall hear the reasons that incline me to this judgment. They respect the *Poet* and the *Audience*.

It is agreed, I think, on all hands, that in the conduct of a fable, the admission of a Chorus lays a necessary restraint on the *Poet*. The two Unities, of time and place, are esteemed by some of less consequence in our modern Tragedy, than the third Unity of Action; but admit a Chorus, and you must, of necessity, restore them to those equal rights, which they antiently enjoyed, and yet claim, by the Charter of Aristotle. For the difference, which the use of the Chorus makes, is this: The modern Drama contents itself with a fact *represented*; the antient requires it to be *represented before Spectators*. Now as it cannot be supposed, that these Spectators should accompany the chief personages into private apartments, one single Scene, or *unity of Place*, becomes strictly necessary. And as these Spectators are assembled on purpose to observe and bear a part in the action, the *time* of that action becomes, of course, that of the spectacle or representation itself; it being unreasonable to make the Spectators attend so long, as the Poet, in bringing about his Catastrophe, may require. And this is usually the practice of the antient Stage. The mo-

dern, on the contrary, regards very little these two capital restraints; and its disuse of the Chorus helps greatly to conceal the absurdity. For the Poet, without offending so much against the laws of probability, may lead his personages from one part to another of the same palace or city, when they have only a poultry Servant or insignificant Confidant to attend them. He may think himself at liberty to spend two or three days, months, or even years, in compleating his story; to clear the stage at the end, or, if he pleases, in the middle of every act: and, being under no controul of the Chorus, he can break the continuity of the Drama, just where he thinks it convenient; and, by the assistance of a brisk fugue and a good violin, can persuade his audience, that as much time has elapsed as his Hero's, or rather his own distress, may demand.

Hence it is, that secret intrigues become (as Mr. Dryden gravely calls them) the *beauties of our modern Stage*. Hence it is, that Incidents and Bustle, and *Business*, supply the place of Simplicity, Nature and Pathos: A happy change, perhaps, for the generality of writers, who might otherwise find it impossible to fill *cette longue carriere de cinq actes*, which a Writer, sufficiently experienced in these matters says, *est si prodigieusement difficile à remplir sans Episodes*.

But, whatever these Play-makers may have gained by rejecting the Chorus, the true Poet has lost considerably by it. For he has lost a graceful and natural resource to the embellishments of Picturesque Description, sublime allegory, and whatever else comes under the denomination of *pure Poetry*.

Shakespeare,

Shakespeare, indeed, had the power of introducing this naturally, and, what is most strange, of joining it with *pure passion*. But I make no doubt if we had a Tragedy of his formed on the Greek model, we should find in it more frequent, if not nobler instances of his high Poetical capacity, than in any single composition he has left us. I think you have a proof of this in those parts of his historical plays, which are called Chorus's, and written in the common Dialogue metre. And your imagination will easily conceive, how fine an ode the description of the Night preceding the battle of Agincourt, would have made in his hands ; and what additional grace it would receive from that form of composition.

With the means of introducing Poetry naturally is lost, also, the opportunity of conveying moral reflections with grace and propriety. But this comes more properly under consideration, when I give you my thoughts on the advantage the audience received from a well-conducted Chorus.

## LETTER IV.

IN my last I took no notice of that superior pomp and majesty, which the Chorus necessarily added to the scene of the Drama. I made no remarks on the agreeable variety it introduced into the versification and metre ; nor shewed how, by uniting the harmony of the Lyre to the pomp of the Buskin, music became intimately connected with it, and furnished

it with all its additional graces. These and many other advantages I might have insisted upon, had I thought them so material as the two I mentioned ; the latter of which, namely, its being a proper vehicle for moral and sentiment, is so material, that I think nothing can possibly atone for the loss of it.

In those parts of the Drama, where the judgment of a mixt audience is most liable to be misled by what passes before its view, the chief actors are generally too much agitated by the furious passions, or too much attached by the tender ones, to think coolly, and impress on the spectators a moral sentiment properly. A Confidant or Servant has seldom sense enough to do it, never dignity enough to make it regarded. Instead therefore of these, the Antients were provided with a band of distinguished persons, not merely capable of seeing and hearing, but of arguing, advising, and reflecting ; from the leader of which a moral sentiment never came unnaturally, but suitably and gracefully ; and from the troop itself, a poetical flow of tender commiseration, of religious supplication, or of virtuous triumph, was ever ready to heighten the pathos, to inspire a reverential awe of the Deity, and to advance the cause of *honesty* and of *truth*.

If you ask me how it augmented the pathetic, I cannot give you a better answer than the *Abbé Vatry* has done in his dissertation on the subject, published in the *Memoirs de l' Acad. des Inscr. &c.* “ It effect-  
“ ed this (says he) both in its *odes* and *dialogue*. The  
“ wonderful power of Music and the Dance is uni-  
“ versally allowed. And, as these were always *ac-*  
“ *companiments* to the *Odes*, there is no doubt but  
“ they

" they contributed greatly to move the passions. It  
 " was necessary that there should be odes or inter-  
 " medes; but it was also necessary that these inter-  
 " medes should not suffer the minds of the Audience  
 " to cool, but, on the contrary, should support and  
 " fortify those passions which the previous scenes  
 " had already excited. Nothing imaginable could  
 " produce this effect better, than the choral songs  
 " and dances, which filled the mind with ideas cor-  
 " responding to the subject, and never failed to add  
 " new force to the sentiments of the principal perso-  
 " nages. In the Dialogue also, the Chorus served  
 " to move the passions, by shewing to the spectators  
 " other spectators strongly affected by the action. A  
 " spectacle of such a kind as is fitted to excite in us  
 " the passions of *Terror*, and *Pity*, will not of itself  
 " so strongly affect us, as when we see others, also,  
 " affected by it. The painters have generally un-  
 " derstood this secret, and have had recourse to an  
 " expedient, similar to that of the Chorus of the  
 " poets. Not content with the simple representa-  
 " tion of an historical event, they have also added  
 " groups of assistant figures, and express in their fa-  
 " ces the different passions, they would have their  
 " picture excite. Nay they sometimes enlist into  
 " their service even irrational animals. In the *slaugh-*  
 " *ter of the Innocents*, le Brun was not satisfied with  
 " expressing all the horror, of which the subject is  
 " naturally capable, he has also painted two horses  
 " with their hair standing on end, and starting back,  
 " as afraid to trample upon the bleeding infants.  
 " This is an artifice which has often been employed,  
 " and which has always succeeded. A good poet  
 " should

" should do the same ; and Iphigenia should not be  
 " suffered to appear on the Theatre, without being  
 " accompanied with persons capable of feeling her  
 " misfortunes."

Had this ingenious Abbé seen the famous Bellisarius of Vandyke, I am apt to believe he would have thought it a much more noble illustration of the matter. The Soldier in that piece, though so much condemned by our modern professors of *Vertu* for being, as they say, the principal Figure, is the very thing which raises this picture from a simple Portrait (which it must otherwise have been) to the finest moral painting ; and in Greece would have placed the painter amongst that class of Artists, which they esteemed the noblest, the ΗΘΟΓΡΑΦΟΙ. The greatest Tragic Poet could not have raised a more exquisite distress than this judicious painter has done by the attitude of that Soldier ; as well as by the subordinate figures, which, with great propriety, are female ones ; nothing being so likely to raise in a military mind that mixture of pity and disdain, which he wanted to express, as to see such a hero relieved by charity, and that too the charity of girls and old women.

But, returning to my subject, I will just observe to you, that if it be proper to assist an audience in relishing the pathetic, by shewing an imitation of that pathos in the Chorus, it is much more so to instruct them how to be affected properly, with the characters and actions which are represented in the course of the Drama. The character of PIERRE in *Venice Preserved*, when left entirely to the judgment of the audience, is perhaps one of the most im-  
 per

per for public view, that ever was produced on any stage. It is almost impossible, but some part of the spectators should go from the representation with very false and immoral impressions. But had the Tragedy been written on the antient plan; had Pierre's character been drawn just as it is, and some few alterations made in Jaffier's, I know no two characters more capable of doing service in a moral view, when justly animadverted upon by the Chorus. I don't say, I would have trusted Otway with the writing of it.

To have done, and to release you. Bad characters become on this plan as harmless in the hands of the Poet, as the Historian; and good ones become infinitely more useful, by how much the Poetic is more forcible than the Historical mode of instruction.

## LETTER V.

THE reason, why in a former Letter you advised me to alter the Chorus, is made very apparent in your last. For, by persuading me to get the Odes set to music, and to risk the Play on the stage, I understand only that you are willing, any how, to make it a more profitable work for me, than it can possibly be by means of the press alone.

Yet certainly, Sir, one single reflection on our British pit will make you change your sentiments effectually. Think only on the trial made by M. Racine, in a nation much before ours, in a taste for probability and decorum in Theatrical diversions. In

his

his two last Tragedies, you know, he has fully succeeded in the very thing I aimed at ; and has adapted a noble imitation of ancient simplicity to the taste of his own times : particularly in his *Atalia*, a poem in which the most superb and august spectacle, the most interesting event, and the most sublime flow of inspired Poetry, and all nobly are naturally united. Yet I am told, that neither that, nor the *Escher*, retains its Chorus, when represented on the French Theatre.

To what is this owing ? To the refinement most certainly of our modern music. This art is now carried to such a pitch of perfection, or if you will of corruption, which makes it utterly incapable of being an adjunct to Poetry. *Il y a grand apparence, que les progrès que vous avez faits dans la musique, ont nui enfin à ceux de la véritable Tragedie.* *C'est un talent, qui a fait tort à un autre* ; says M. Voltaire with his usual taste and judgment. Our different cadences, our divisions, variations, repetitions, without which modern music cannot subsist, are entirely improper for the expression of poetry, and were scarce known to the Antients.

But could this be managed, the additional expence necessarily attendant on such a performance, would make the matter impracticable. This Mr. Dryden foresaw long ago. The passage is curious.

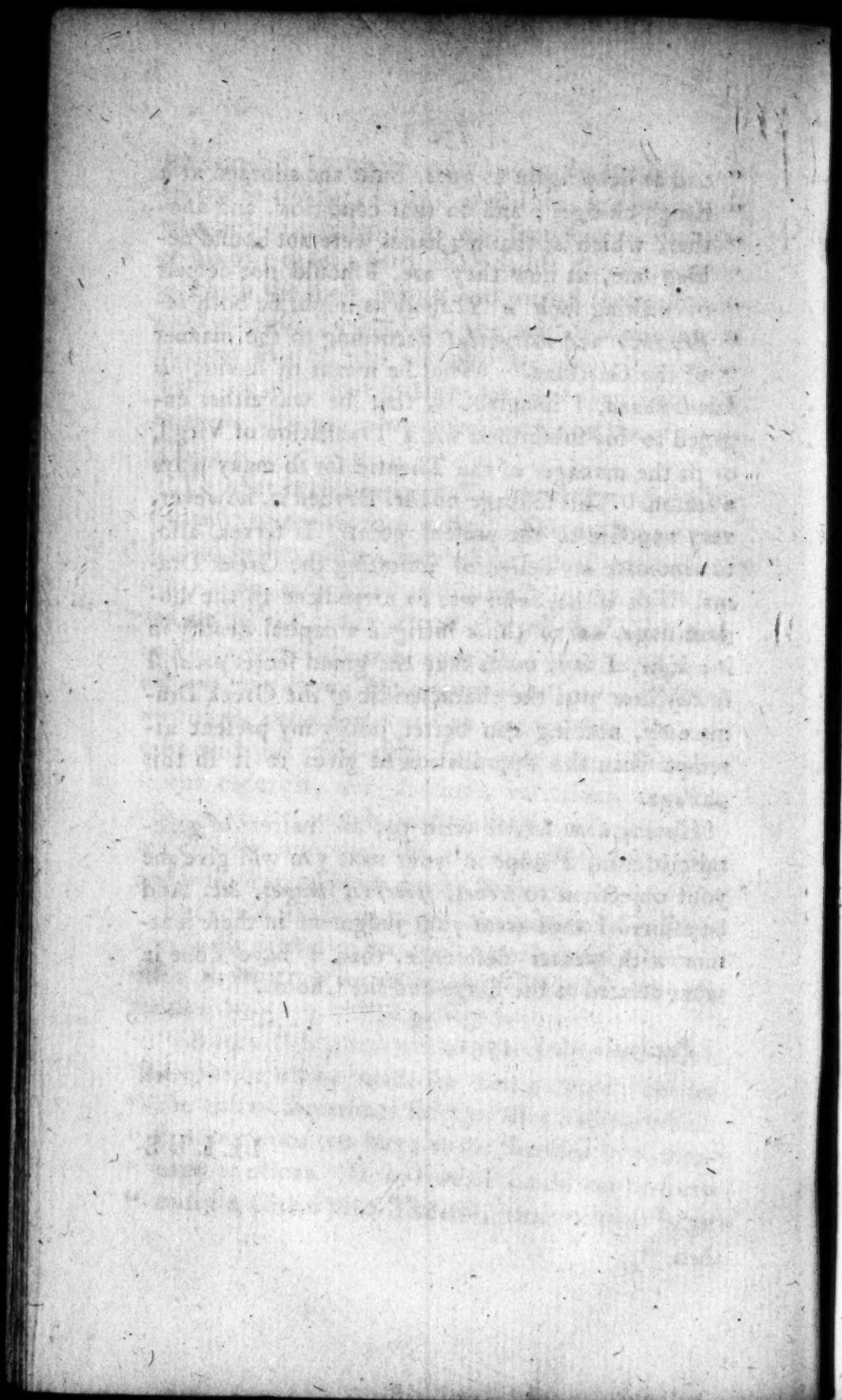
“ A new Theatre, much more ample and much  
“ deeper, must be made for that purpose ; besides  
“ the cost of sometimes forty or fifty habits : which  
“ is an expence too large to be supplied by a com-  
“ pany of actors. It is true, I should not be sorry  
“ to see a *Chorus* on a Theatre, more than as large  
“ and

" and as deep again as ours, built and adorned at a  
 " King's charges ; and on that condition, and ano-  
 " ther, which is, that my hands were not bound be-  
 " hind me, as now they are, I should not despair  
 " of making such a *Tragedy* as might be both *in-*  
 " *structive* and *delightful* according to the manner  
 " of the Grecians." What he means by having *his  
 bands bound*, I imagine, is, that he was either en-  
 gaged to his subscribers for a Translation of Virgil,  
 or to the manager of the Theatre for so many plays  
 a season. This suffrage of Mr. Dryden is, however,  
 very apposite to the present point. It serves, also,  
 to vindicate my design of imitating the Greek Dra-  
 ma. For if he, who was so prejudiced to the mo-  
 dern stage, as to think intrigue a capital beauty in  
 it ; if he, I say, owns that the grand secret *prodeſſe  
 et delectare* was the characteristic of the Greek Dra-  
 ma only, nothing can better justify my present at-  
 tempt than the approbation he gives to it in this  
 passage.

Having now settled with you all matters of gene-  
 ral criticism, I hope in your next you will give me  
 your objections to *scenes, speeches, images, &c.* And  
 be assured I shall treat your judgment in these mat-  
 ters with greater deference, than I have done in  
 what related to the Stage and the Chorus.

*Pembroke Hall, 1751.*

ILLUS



# ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## \*ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 130. v. 18.

On the left,

Reside the † sages skill'd in nature's lore:

† *i. e.* The Euvates; one of the three classes of the Druids, according to Am. Marcellinus. *Studia liberalium doctrinarum inchoata per Bardos, Euvates, & Druidas.* This class, Strabo tells us, had the care of the sacrifices, and studied natural philosophy; which here, by *the changeful universe*, is shewn to be on Pythagorean principles. Whenever the *Priests* are mentioned in the subsequent parts of the Drama, this order of men is intended to be meant, as distinguished from the Druids and Bards.

Page, 135 v. 11.

Thou shalt live;

Yet shalt thou live an interdicted wretch,

All rights of nature cancell'd.

Alluding to the Druidical power of excommunication, mentioned by Cæsar. *Si quis aut privatus, aut publicus, eorum decreto non stetit, sacrificiis interdicunt.* Hæc pœna apud eos est gravissima.

Quibus

\* The above quotations, from antient authors, are here thrown together, in order to support and explain some passages in the Drama of CARACTACUS, that respect the manners of the Druids; and which the general account of their customs, to be found in our histories of Britain, does not include.

Quibus ita est interdictum, ii numero impiorum ac  
scelerorum habentur——neque iis potentibus  
jus redditur, neque bonos ullus communicatur. C.  
Comment. Lib. vi.

Page 137 v. 23.

Are the milk-white steers prepar'd?

In the minute description which Pliny gives us, of  
the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe, he tells  
us, they sacrificed two white bulls. See Pliny's Na-  
tural History, l. xvi. c. 44. which Drayton, in his  
Polyelbion, thus versifies.

Sometimes within my shades in many an antient  
wood,

Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires  
withstood,

The fearless British priest, under an aged oak,  
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,  
And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree  
The mistletoe cut down; then with a bended knee  
On th'unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires;  
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh  
expires,

As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest adore)  
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before.

Up to th'eternal heav'n their bloodied hands did  
rear:

And whilst the murmur'ring woods ev'n shudder'd  
as with fear,

Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immor-  
tal state;

To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,  
That to contempt of death them strongly did  
excite.

Ninth Song.

Page

Page 138. v. 18.

Where our matron sister dwells.

The existence of female Druids seems ascertained by Tacitus, in his description of the final destruction of Mona by Paulinus Suetonius. *Stabat pro litore diversa acies densa armis virisque intercursantibus fœminis, &c.* Also by the known story of Dioclesian, on which Fletcher formed a play, called the *Prophetess*.

Page 138. v. 21.

And the potent adder-stone.

The ovum anguinum, or serpent's egg: a famous Druidical amulet, thus circumstantially described by Pliny. — *Præterea est ovorum genus in magna Galliarum fama, omissum Græcis. Angues innumeri æstate convoluti, salivis faucium corporumque spumis artifici complexu glomerantur; Anguinum appellatur. Druidæ sibilis id dicunt in sublimi jactari, sagoque oportere intercipi, ne tellurem attingat. Profugere raptorem equo, serpentes enim insequi, donec arceantur, amnis alicujus interventu, &c.* Nat. Hist. l. xxix. c. 3.

There are remains of this superstition still, both in the northern and western parts of our island. For Lhwyd, the author of the *Archeologia*, writes thus to Rowland; see *Mona Antiqua*, p. 338. — “ The Druid doctrine about the *Glain Neidr*, obtains very much through all Scotland, as well lowlands as highlands; but there is not a word of it in this kingdom (Ireland); where, as there are no snakes, they could not propagate it. Besides snake-stones; the highlanders have their snail-stones,

“ snail-stones, paddock-stones, &c. to all which  
 “ they attribute their several virtues, and wear  
 “ them as amulets. And in another letter he  
 “ writes, The Cornish retain variety of charms, and  
 “ have still, towards the land’s-end, the amulet of  
 “ Maen Magal, and Glain Neidr, which latter they  
 “ call a Milpreu, or Melpru, and have a charm  
 “ for the snake to make it, when they have found  
 “ one asleep, and struck a hazel wand in the centre  
 “ of her spires.”

Page 152. v. 18.

Have the milk-white steeds  
 Unrein’d, and, neighing, pranc’d with fav’ring  
 steps.

The few and imperfect accounts antiquity gives us of ceremonies, &c. which are unquestionably Druidical, makes it necessary in this, and in other places of the Drama, to have recourse to Tacitus’s account of the Germans, amongst whom, if there were really no established Druids, there was certainly a great correspondency, in religious opinions, with the Gauls and Britons. The passage here alluded to is taken from his 10th chapter. *Proprium gentis, equorumque quoque præsigia ac monitus experiri. Publice aluntur iisdem nemoribus ac lucis, candidi & nullo mortali opere contacti, quos pressos sacro curru, sacerdos ac rex, vel princeps civitatis comitantur, hinnitus & fremitus observant, nec ulli auspicio major fides non solum apud plebem, sed apud proceres, apud sacerdotes.*

Page

Page 153. v 14.

Thou art a king, a sovereign o'er frail man ;  
 I am a Druid, servant of the gods,  
 Such service is above such sovereignty.

The supreme authority of the Druids over their kings, is thus ascertained by Dion. Chrysostom. Κελῆσ δὲ οὓς ὀνομάζεσθε Δρυίδας, καὶ τάττες περὶ Μαγικὸν ὄντας, καὶ τὸν ἄλλον σοφίαν, ὃν ἀνευ, τοῖς βασιλεῦσιν ὑδὲν ἐξην πράττειν, ὑδὲ βιλεύεσθαι, ὅπε τὸ μὲν ἀληθὲς ἔχειν τὸρχειν, τοὺς δὲ βασιλέας, αὐτῶν ὑπηρέτας καὶ διακόνους γίγνεσθαι τῆς γνώμης, ἐν θρόνοις χρυσοῖς καθημένας, καὶ σίκιας μεγάλας ὀικεῖται, καὶ πολυτίμως εὐωχεμένας. Hellmodus also de Slavis, l. ii. c. 12. asserts, Rex apud eos modicæ est estimationis in comparatione flaminis.

Page 154. v. 6.

The time shall come, when destiny and death  
 Thron'd in a burning car.

Strabo, and other writers, tell us, the Druids taught, that the world was finally to be destroyed by fire; upon which this allegory is founded.

Page 161. v 1.

The gods, my brethren,  
 Have wak'd these doubts in the untainted breast  
 Of this mild maiden.

Inesse enim sanctum quid & providum sceminiis putant. Nec aut consilia ipsorum aspernantur, aut responsa negant. Tac. de morib. Germ. And Strabo

to the like purpose, l. vii. "Αταντός γάρ της δεσμούντος αρχηγὸς οὐρανος τὰς γυναῖς.

Page 165. v 14.

Behold yon huge  
And unhewn sphere of living adamant.

This is meant to describe the rocking-stone, of which there are several still to be seen in Wales, Cornwall, and Derbyshire. They are universally supposed, by antiquarians, to be Druid monuments; and Mr. Toland thinks, " that the Druids made the " people believe that they only could move them, " and that by a miracle, by which they condemned " or acquitted the accused, and often brought cri- " minals to confess what could in no other way be " extorted from them." It was this conjecture which gave the hint for this piece of machinery. The reader may find a description of one of these rocking-stones in Camden's Britannia, in his account of Pembrokeshire; and also several in Borlase's history of Cornwall.

Page 190. v 8.

— And it's name  
TRIFINGUS.

The name of the enchanted sword in the Hervarer Saga.

Page 190. v 14.

By the bright circle of the golden sun.

This adjuration is taken from the literal form of the old Druidical oath, which they administered to their

their disciples; and which the learned Selden, in Prolog. de Diis Syr. gives us from Vettius Valehs Antiochenus, l. vii. It is as follows: Τὰς ταῖς παραγγελίαις ἡμῶν πειθομένες ὄρχιζε ΗΛΙΟΣ μὲν ἴερὸν κύκλου καὶ ΣΕΛΗΝΗΣ ἀνωμάλις δρόμοις, τῶν τε λοιπῶν ΑΣΤΕΡΩΝ δυνάμεις καὶ κύκλου ΔΤΟ· ΚΑΙΔΕΚΑ ΖΩΔΙΩΝ, ἐν ἀποκρύφοις ταῦτα ἔχειν, καὶ τοῖς ἀπαιδεύτοις ἢ ἀρμύτοις μὴ μελαδίδογατ, τοιμήν τε καὶ μνήμην τῷ εἰσηγησαμένῳ ἀπορέμειν, &c.

Page 198. v 9.

Near each a white-rob'd Druid, whose stern voice  
Thunder'd deep execrations on the foe.

This account is taken from what history tells us did really happen some years after, when the groves of Mona were destroyed by Suetonius Paulinus. Igitur Monam insulam incolis validam, & receptaculum perfugarum aggredi parat, navesque fabricatur plāno alveo, adversus breve litus & incertum. Sic Pedes; equites vado secuti, aut altiores inter undas, adnantes equis transmisere. Stabat pro litore diversa acies densa armis virisque, intercusantibus fœminis: in modum Furiarum, veste ferali crinibus dejectis facies præferebant. Druidæ circum, preces diras sublatis ad cœlum manibus fundentes, novitate aspectus perculere milites ut quasi hærentibus membris, immobile corpus vulneribus præberent. Dein cohortationibus ducis, & se ipsi stimulantes ne muliere & fanaticum agmen pavescerent, inferunt signa, sternuntque obvios & igni suo involvunt. Tac. Ann. l. xiv. c. 29.

Page 207. v 14.

These shapeless symbols of your barbarous gods.

The Druids did not really worship the divinity under any symbol. But this is put intentionally into the mouth of the Roman, as mistaking the rude stones placed round the grove, for idols. Thus Lucan in his beautiful description of a Druid grove,

— simulacra mœsta deorum

Arte carent, cœsisque extant informia truncis.

Phar. Lib. iii.

Some imagery from the same description is also borrowed in the opening of the Drama.

Page 211. v 24.

— Soldier, I had arms.

This passage, and some others in this scene, are taken from Caractacus's famous speech in Tacitus, before the throne of Claudius; but here adapted to his dramatic character.

Though the two following poems are omitted in the London impression of this work; yet, as they are confessedly written by Mr. Mason, and were published in his name, the reader, it is presumed, will not be displeased at finding them annexed to this edition, which the editors were desirous of rendering as complete as possible.

## An ODE

Performed in the

Senate-House at Cambridge, July 1, 1749,

At the Installation of his Grace

THOMAS HOLLES Duke of NEWCASTLE,

CHANCELLOR of the University.

—cānit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum  
Aonias in montes ut duxerit una sororum;  
Utique viro Phœbi chorus affurrexerit omnis.

VIRG.

Set to Musick by Mr. BOYCE, Composer to his  
Majesty.

Recitative. **H**ERE all thy active fires diffuse,  
Thou genuine British Muse;  
Hither descend from yonder orient sky,  
Cloth'd in thy heav'u-wove robe of har-  
mony.

M 2

Air I.

*Air I.* Come, imperial queen of song ;  
 Come with all that free-born grace,  
 Which lifts thee from the servile throng ;  
 Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace ;  
 That glance of dignity divine,  
 Which speaks thee of celestial line ;  
 Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,  
 Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

## II.

*Recitative.* The elevated soul who feels  
 Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways  
 Of honest unpolluted praise :  
 He with impartial justice deals  
 The blooming chaplets of immortal lays :  
 He flies above ambition's low career ;  
 And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,  
 Thence with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,  
 Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of fame.

## III.

*Air II.* Goddess ! thy piercing eye explores  
 The radiant range of Beauty's stores,  
 The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,  
 The silver slope of falling rills,  
 Catches each lively-colour'd grace,  
 The crimson of the wood-nymph's face,  
 The verdure of the velvet lawn,  
 The purple in the easterne dawn,  
 Or all those tints, which rang'd in vivid glow  
 Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

## IV.

*Recit.* But chief she lifts her tuneful transports high,  
 When to her intellectual eye  
 The mental beauties rise in moral dignity :

The

The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,  
 That fires the glowing Patriot's breast;  
 The honest pride that plumes the Hero's crest,  
 When for his country's aid the steel he draws;  
 Or that, the calm, yet active heat,  
 With which mild Genius warms the sage's heart,  
 To lift fair science to a loftier seat,  
 Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of  
 art.

*Air III.* These the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,  
 She cults with taste refin'd;  
 From their ambrosial bloom  
 With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,  
 And blends the sweets they all convey,  
 In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

## V.

*Recit.* Is there a clime, where all these beauties  
 rise  
 In one collected radiance to her eyes?  
 Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales  
 Glory's invigorating gales,  
 Her brightest beams where emulation spreads,  
 Her kindliest dews where science sheds,  
 Where every strain of Genius flows,  
 Where ev'ry flower of Virtue glows?  
 Thither the Muse exulting flies,  
 There she loudly cries—

*Chorus I.* All hail, all hail,  
 Majestic Granta! hail thy awful name,  
 Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

## VI.

*Recit.* You too, illustrious Train, she greets  
 Who first in these inspiring seats  
 Caught the bright beams of that æthereal fire,  
 Which now sublimely prompts you to aspire  
 To deeds of noblest note; whether to shield  
 Your country's liberties, your country's laws;  
 Or in Religion's hallow'd cause  
 To hurl the shafts of reason, and to wield  
 Those heav'nly-temper'd arms, whose rapid  
 force  
 Arrests base Falshood in her impious course,  
 And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

## VII.

*Air IV.* And now she tunes her plaintive song  
 To you her sage domestic throng;  
 Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,  
 Dispense to each ingenuous youth  
 The treasures of immortal Truth,  
 And open Wisdom's golden mine.

*Recit.* Each youth inspir'd by your persuasive art,  
 Clasps the dear form of virtue to his heart;  
 And feels in his transported soul  
 Enthusiastic raptures roll,  
 Gen'rous as those the sons of Cecrops caught  
 In hoar Lycaeum's shades from Plato's fire-clad  
 thought.

*Air V.* O Granta! on thy happy plain  
 Still may these Attic glories reign:  
 Still mayst thou keep thy wonted state,  
 In unaffected grandeur great;

*Recit.*

*Recit.* Great as this illustrious hour,  
 When he whom GEORGE's well-weigh'd choice  
 And Albion's general voice  
 Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r,  
 When He appears, and deigns to shine  
 The leader of thy learned line ;  
 And bids the verdure of thy olive bough  
 'Mid all its civic chaplets twine,  
 And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

## IX.

*Air VI.* Haste then, and amply o'er his head  
 The graceful foliage spread ;  
 Mean while the Muse shall snatch the trump of  
 Fame,  
 And lift her swelling accents high,  
 To tell the world that PELHAM's name  
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

*Full Chorus.* The Muse shall snatch the trump of  
 Fame,  
 And lift her swelling accents high,  
 To tell the world that PELHAM's name  
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

## I S I S:

## An ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1748.

**F**AR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly  
 bright  
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,  
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,  
 Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed  
 shell,  
 Pale *Iiss* \* lay ; a willow's lowly shade  
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the pensive maid,  
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast  
 In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest ;  
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow  
 In all the awful negligence of woe ;  
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase  
 Where *Vulcan*'s art had lavish'd all its grace ;  
 Here full with life, was heav'n-taught *Science* seen,  
 Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien :  
 There cloud-crown'd *Fame*, her *Peace* sedate and  
 bland,  
 Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand ;  
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,  
 At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On

\* The principal river at Oxford.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,  
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke :  
 Yes, I cou'd once with pleas'd attention trace  
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase ;  
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes  
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.  
 Yes, *Iris* ! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead  
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead ;  
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,  
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays ;  
 While ev'ry youth with *Fame*'s strong impulse fir'd  
 Preft to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,  
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow,  
 The *Muses*, *Graces*, *Virtues* could bestow.  
 E'en now fond *Fancy* leads th' ideal train,  
 And ranks her troops on *Mem'ry*'s ample plain ;  
 See ! the firm leaders of my patriot line,  
 See ! *Sidney*, *Raleigh*, *Hampden*, *Somers* shine.  
 See *Hough*, superior to a tyrant's doom,  
 Smile at the menace of the slave of *Rome*.  
 Each soul whom truth cou'd fire, or virtue move,  
 Each breast strong panting with its country's love,  
 All, all appear ; on me they grateful smile,  
 The well earn'd prize of every virtuous toil ;  
 To me with filial reverence they bring,  
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.  
 Ah ! I remember well yon beachen spray,  
 There *Addison* first tun'd his polish'd lay ;  
 'Twas there great *Cato*'s form first met his eye,  
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty.  
 " My son, he cry'd, observe this mien with awe,  
 " In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw ;

" The

“ The piercing notes shall strike each *British* ear,  
 “ Each *British* eye shall drop the patriot tear ;  
 “ And rous’d to glory by the nervous strain,  
 “ Each youth shall spurn at *Slavery*’s abject reign,  
 “ Shall guard with *Cato*’s zeal *Britannia*’s laws,  
 “ And speak, and act, and bleed in *Freedom*’s cause.”

The hero spoke, the bard assenting bow’d,  
 The lay to *Liberty* and *Cato* flow’d ;  
 While *Echo*, as she rov’d the vale along,  
 Join’d the strong cadence of his *Roman* song.

But ah ! how *Stillness* slept upon the ground,  
 How mute *Attention* check’d each rising sound ;  
 Scarce stole a breeze to weave the leafy spray,  
 Scarce thrill’d sweet *Philomel* her softest lay,  
 When *Locke* walk’d musing forth ; e’en now I view  
 Majestick *Wisdom* thron’d upon his brow,  
 View *Candour* smile upon his modest cheek,  
 And from his eye all *Judgment*’s radiance break.  
 ’Twas here the sage his manly zeal exprest,  
 Here stript vain *Falshood* of her gaudy vest ;  
 Here *Truth*’s collected beams first fill’d his mind,  
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind ;  
 Ere long to shew to reason’s purged eye,  
 That “ *Nature’s first best gift was Liberty.*”  
 Proud of this wond’rous son, sublime I stood,  
 (While louder surges swell’d my rapid flood)  
 Then vain as *Niobe* \*, exulting cry’d,  
*Ilisus* † ! roll thy fam’d *Athenian* tide ;

Tho’

\* See the story of *Niobe*, Hom. Il. 24, and Ov. Metam. B. 6.

† A river in Attica. See Stat. Theb. B. 4.

Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,  
 Tho' fair \* *Lycœum* lent its awful shade,  
 Tho' ev'ry academic green imprest  
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,  
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,  
 And *Britannia's Isis* flow with *Attic* fame.  
 Alas! how chang'd! where now that *Attic* boast?  
 See! *Gothic Licence* rage o'er all my coast.  
 See! *Hydra Faction* spread its impious reign,  
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain,  
 Hence, frontless crouds, that, not content to fright  
 The blushing *Cynthia* from her throne of night,  
 Blast the fair face of day, and madly bold,  
 To *Freedom's* foes infernal orgies hold;  
 To *Freedom's* foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,  
 Hens' plaintive shout to *Freedom's* foes resound;  
 The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,  
 The *Echoes* groan, the *Dryads* quit their haunt;  
*Learning*, that once to all diffus'd her beam,  
 Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam,  
 In some lone cloyster's melancholy shade,  
 Where a firm few support her sickly head;  
 Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train;  
 Who scour, like *Thracia's* moon-struck rout, the  
     plain;  
 Sworn foes, like them, to all the *Muse* approves,  
 All *Phœbus* favours, or *Minerva* loves.  
 Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear?  
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care,  
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand  
 To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,

And

\* Aristotle's school near Athens.

And boast while *Freedom* bleeds, and *Virtue* groans;  
 That “ *Iris* taught rebellion to her sons?”  
 Forbid it, heav’n! and let my rising waves  
 Indignant swell, andwhelm the recreant slaves,  
 In *England’s* cause their patriot floods employ,  
 As *Xanthus* \* delug’d in the cause of *Troy*.  
 Is this deny’d? then point some secret way,  
 Whère far, far hence these guiltless streams may  
 stray;  
 Some unknown channel lend, where nature spreads  
 Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads;  
 There where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,  
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,  
 Content I’ll flow; forget that e’er my tide  
 Saw yon majestick structure crown its side;  
 Forget that e’er my wrapt attention hung  
 Or on the *Sage’s* or the *Poet’s* tongue:  
 Calm and resign’d my humbler lot embrace,  
 And, pleas’d, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

\* The river *Xanthus*. See Hom. Il. 12 and 21.

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